

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 557.—VOL. XX.]

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

[THREE NUMBERS, ONE SHILLING.]

MAY IN TOWN.

LEAVING to all whom it may concern the task of tracing the rural developments of May, of recognising her blazonry in the fresh and open country, and acknowledging her bright presence in the fields and the woods and by the quiet rivers, we propose to meet her and to welcome her in Town—to note her urban signs and her demonstrations in the streets and the squares, the parks and the alleys. For the pleasant month is omnipresent—May reigns in Regent-street, as well as in the forest glade; May shines down the City lane, as well as upon the breezy upland; May revives and calls up from its lethargy the humble wallflower in the pot, as well as the buttercups in the meadows and the young corn in the fields. True, the month in its urban aspect must be principally sought for in its effects upon men, rather than upon things. It has a social development as well as a physical one to perform. It brings out into the full display of bloom and beauty all those delicate drawingroom and opera-house flowers of fashion which glitter and flutter in the West-end parterre. It stimulates into activity all the host of gardeners who live by attending to them—trimming them, watering them, and admiring them. It calls up in all their vigour the thousand and one little vanities wherewith the living flowers in question love to enshrine and deck and amuse themselves. It quickens all throbbing and pulsating West-end London into its bright and feverish annual three months' life. The City, indeed, is all but uninfluenced by May: May shines upon its chimney-pots, but that is all. The funds and the omnibuses go up and down as usual, and scrip is worth neither more nor less than in December. The stern City is proof against the brightsome time. No clerk sits fewer hours on his three-legged stool—no alderman gives himself a respite from City dinners. The great commercial and

civic machine marches and munches as it did before the season, and as it will after it. So, indeed, also, of a considerable part of town—of White-chapel the smoky, and the Borough the smokier—of reserved and Quakerish Clapham—of prim and shy Hackney—of the social solitudes of Hoxton, and the far-pervading wilderness of Bow. These regions are but slightly affected by May. The steady-going merchant and the hard-working artisan keep on in the old routine. Only here and there, on the outskirts of the province of houses, where tea-gardens abound, and tulip shows are held, and brass bands congregate, and balloons go up, and fireworks nightly astonish the firmament—only in such spots is felt the gay and garish influence of the time. It is, we repeat, the West-end which especially and particularly quickens, and leaps into buoyant and exulting life, that knows that its time has come, that its bright days are on, and that the more it makes of them the better. We have not here to tell of fresh clustering foliage bursting from the bud; but we have to tell of the apparition of the works of the loom and the needle and the jenny, expanding in a thousand hues and a thousand figures to greet the opening season. The summer flowers are much. Are not the summer fashions something? Roses and violets, lilies and heartsease! Have we not a corresponding crop of fragile and pretty things smiling through plate glass—lustrous in the glare of opera or ball-room chandelier—enshrining bright eyes or adorning glossy locks? May in the country, and you talk of the exultation and natural elasticity and disposition to merriment of the season. You recall old world stories of May-poles, and garlands, and dancing maidens. But May in town is equally inspiring. What throngs the sunny street? What throngs the flashing parks? What throngs the glittering concert-room? What more than throngs the perfumed ball-room? May in town has its burst of life,

just as well as May among the fields. But May in the country, and you talk of the singing of the birds upon the bough. Well, for May in town, we talk of the singing of artists on the boards. A prima donna's throat against a nightingale's—a contralto to rival the liquid mellowness of a blackbird—a tenor to bill and coo with any love-lorn pigeon, and a bass to sing to shame the cuckoo! We think we have proved that as there is a May in the country, so certainly is there a May in Town.

But the month is on us—the proof is easy—let us up into the streets and public places and see. May has been duly inaugurated. Greens have danced, and sooty "my Lords" have capered, and grimy "my Ladies" have passed around the ladle. The omnibus-men have come out in summer coats and white hats, and stuck bunches of ribbons on their whips; and even the worthy police have felt the influence of the season, and enliven their beats with the snowiest of trowsers. See Regent-street, all one gleaming procession of gay and glancing vehicles. Hack cabs look ashamed of themselves, and plunge desperately into the stream so as to disappear from observation. And no wonder. Contrast the illustrious John, serene upon his hammer-cloth, with the tatterdemalion Dick, with a knocked-in hat, and a short pipe in his mouth, and a wiry terrier—prime dog for rats—peeping out between his corduroyed knees. John looks down upon him like a comfortable angel, and passes by, in placid indifference, Dick's angry inquiry of "Now then, old man, vere are ye a-coming to?" An English coachman, thoroughly got up for the season, is a profound thing to look at. Observe that wonderful primness and neatness which encircle the man as with a halo. The pulling on of those stockings was a work of art; the tie of that neckcloth was an achievement of genius. And the face so placid, and so dignified, and so smooth—how could he have managed to shave



FETE CHAMPETRE IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.—PAINTED BY F. TAYLER.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

so closely? The expression is a mottled benignity. He sits a serene Jupiter, and looks calmly down upon the ways of men. If there ever was an institution—a true West-end coachman, got up as he is got up in May, is an institution, a sort of fifth estate. England is England so long as those stockings are unruffled, and no flour flies out of that flaxen wig.

But the *paré*, not the street, is our main look-out. How fluttering and butterfly the effect is! How the parasols gleam, and flash, and glitter in the sunshine! How the eye goes rambling and wandering and filled with a confused mirage of forms and colours; the bright draperies of laces, and the shifting hues of shot-silks; the deep-toned magnificence of velvets, and the gay fluttering lightness of the thousand flounced and furbelowed muslins. Every now and then one catches a glimpse of the silky and glistening interior of a carriage; the mind sinking back into cushions and revelling in the unalloyed luxury of softness, as the stalwart, and at the same time delicately got up, Jeanes, placing his arm in a horizontal position before his face, enables us to catch for a moment the glimpse of a white gloved hand, or a still more instantaneous vision of dazzling ankles, half shaded by the falling drapery, as the owner trips down the swinging steps of the carriage, and in a moment vanishes across the white *paré*, amid the plate-glass windows, and awnings, and cataracts of silks continually pouring down for the edification and delight of all female beholders. And the gentlemen are out in equal force. Long toilettes have been made in bachelors' rooms as well as maids' boudoirs. Cravats have been as difficult to tie as ribbons or flowers to adjust, and there has been an equal *embarras de richesse* in the matter of waistcoats as in the still more urgent affair of frocks. You would not think that the superlative dandy, with that hat so wonderfully brushed, with these moustaches so delicately *ciréd*, with that short front so elaborately decorated, with those gloves so extraordinarily tight, and with those boots so extravagantly shiny, had made up that faultless toilette in paltry "chambers," up four pair of stairs, in a dusty Inn of Court, in a dismal quarter of the town. He looks as if he had come out of a palace at the least, and as if his atmosphere were a sort of fairy medium of soft nothings and liping words, and scents, and perfumery. Men of more sturdy and manly mould go mingling in the constantly running stream; and fat old gentlemen, well buttoned up, with rosy well-preserved cheeks and fluffy doeskin gloves, have emerged from club bow-windows, and the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall, to catch a glimpse of the sunny side of Regent-street in the brilliant afternoon of May. Observe the foreign gentlemen with beards of majestic dimensions and strangely tortured moustaches, and hair cut as short as the bristles of a well-worn blacking-brush. Those gleaming hats dread a shower as ruin, and those most fragile of boots with little shiny tips would shrink like mad dogs from the very idea of a fluid drop spotting the hot dusty pavement. The foreign gentlemen, therefore, seldom show except in the driest and most enduring-looking sunshine. A cloud disperses them as the dawn does ghosts. They vanish into strange by-roads round and behind Leicester-square, where lurk dingy *cafés* and grimy *Hôtels Français*; and "Table d'hôte" is written over doors in thin squeezed up letters, and dark fat ladies are seen taking snuff at windows. The foreigners always keep together, and move in groups, and the unfamiliar sound of their languages strikes the ear, even amid the grinding of the wheels and the buzz of the ordinary press of comers and goers. Foreign ladies are generally seen in company with a ribbon and a white poodle. How their sallow waxy faces shew yellow beside the roses and the lilies of perfidious Albion; and how the gleaming black eye stares with its keen quick glitter into the meek blue orbs of our gentle insulaires. A great proportion of these people are *artistes* of some kind or another. They have nearly all that peculiar indescribable jaunty picturesqueness and slangy finish of manner which belongs to the tribe, particularly in its continental development. The *chigne* is never absent; you catch it in the turn up of the cuff, and in the turn down of the collar—in the set of the hat, and in the curl of the moustache. It is only in this season that our friends are visible: May is the crowning month. They have come hither from beyond the Alps and beyond the Pyrenees. They have left quiet German towns, all beer, music, sausages, and metaphysics; and brilliant Italian theatres, all glare and false glory, where a *prima donna* is called sixty times before the curtain in an evening; they have left the solitude of far-away Alpine valleys, and the bewildering glamour of Parisian salons, for the great London "diggings"—the great European gold deposit—where to make a hit is equivalent to striking a richer vein than glimmers either in Bathurst or California. This is their season and their time. Let the carriages cease to roll—let the Jeaneses cease to adorn the benches by the shop doors—let the cheap nights of the Opera begin, and the last long nights of the House of Commons draw to a weary end, and they are also gone, vanished from town as on an approaching shower they vanished from the streets; but as certain to reappear the following May, as the cuckoos or the swallows.

Jostling amid the brightly fluttering throng, elbowing fine ladies and gentlemen with a delightful sense of independence, go the peripatetic vendors of those wares which old custom has made the street a shop for. Canes are there by the score, from the undeniable cudgel or bludgeon to the slenderest and glossiest of wands, with the most dandified of tassels depending from the polished wood. Sticks with dog heads for canine admirers; sticks with skulls for gentlemen given to the contemplation of frail mortal emblems; wonderfully crooked sticks, with knobs as big as turnips, for the amiable race of the eccentrics in general—all are to be had from the vendor, who modestly keeps his station on the kerb-stone. Next to him saunters the man of pen-knives, with half-a-dozen instruments skilfully arranged in each hand, the half-a-dozen blades belonging to each open and glittering in all manner of sharp uncomfortable angles, and suggesting unpleasant ideas should you trip and fall suddenly into the merchant's arms. But the dog-seller, which also means the dog-stealer, is out of all sight the most interesting of the industrials called forth by May in the West. Sometimes he is dressed as a groom, with those strange wrinkled corduroy leggings, for the production of which there must be set apart a peculiar race of tailors—with a threadbare cut-away coat, a low shiny hat, and a white neckerchief clasped by a steel horse-shoe brooch. Others, again, come forth in common tattered costume; but your true dog-fancier has always a style and a fashion of his own. Mark his baggy velvet shooting jacket, full of pockets, with a little dog's head peering forth at each; his grey or drab breeches terminating at the knees in the display of a pair of villainous legs—that class of legs with round lumps of calfs and lace-up boots, which Mr. Dickens says never seem complete without fetters. Observe the smooth cool look of the fellow's face, the nonchalance with which he bites a straw, and the ferret-like gleam of the small eyes which instinctively pursue every dog which passes. Down in some sly corner of Seven Dials, or perhaps in Whitechapel or Lambeth, that gentleman possesses a "crib," in which many a stolen Fido, and Carlo, and Princey, and Rosey, to say nothing of the sterner tribes of the Snaps, and the Pinchers, the Grips and the Teasers, languish for their respective mistresses and masters. The dogs have somehow gone lost, and the fancier has, of course, somehow "found" 'em. The advertisement from the sorrowing proprietor goes forth, and in the dusk of the evening he is favoured with a call from a shambling individual, with a black eye, who "knows a party who would make it all right about the dog for two sovs down and no questions asked." The arrangement is duly come to and as next day Mrs. Edwards walks forth with her recovered Princey, and passes our friend in Regent-street, with the dog's head sticking out of his pockets, she has little notion of the proximity of her despoiler. The dogs displayed by a dog-fancier are perfect miracles of get-up. All the resources of soap and water must have been exhausted, with, perhaps, various chemical combinations as well, before those poodles could have attained their marvellous pitch of whiteness.

How were those Scotch terriers trained to look such phenomena of sharpness? How were those English cousins of theirs tortured into that grin of supernatural ferocity? Buy one or all of these races, and you will find their gifts slowly fade away. The poodle will get dirty in spite of you; the Skye terrier will lose the wondrous brightness of his eyes; the English terrier will look as mild as milk and water before the week be out. The state in which the dogs are exposed to sale is one of the mysteries of the "fancying" craft, and as such we leave it. Round the corner a long line of carriages is defiling along the curb and discharging their occupants at a lofty door. On each side two gigantic placards of yellow and blue flank the entrance. A morning concert—a grand morning concert—one of the greatest morning concerts of the morning-concert-giving month of May, is going on, and the *saile* is crowded to the door with gay toilettes and rainbow-coloured bonnets. All the notabilities of the artistic world are announced. Perhaps one half of the notabilities in question are announced for another grand morning concert, or perhaps for two others; but this is a matter of course, and nobody takes any notice of it. So the programme, long as a Chancery suit, goes on: wonderful feats of legerdemain are performed on the pianoforte key-boards—fiddles are made to sound like flutes, and flutes like trombones. The new soprano sings a higher note than any old soprano, and the new *basso profundo* sings a lower note than any old *basso profundo*, and all the world are in raptures accordingly. Never was there such a hit—such success—such a grand morning concert!

Let us notice two other social features peculiar to our London May. Lounging by the kerb-stone near the open sunny space in which the squirts keep guardianship over mast-headed Nelson, loiters a double or a treble row of carriages, and a glittering procession is constantly ascending and descending the porticoed steps of the National Gallery. For it is early in May, and all the world are crowding to the grand May lounge of London—the Royal Academy. Let us saunter through the rooms; amid the blaze of the freshly-finished paintings, and the actual furnace of the gilt frames; amid "landscapes with cattle" and "landscapes with showery effects—storm passing off;" amid "on the Thameses" and "on the Wyes;" among scenes from "Gil Blas," and episodes from the "Vicar of Wakefield;" among Landseer's deer, and Robert's temples, and groups historic from MacIse, and groups mythologic from Frost and Uwins; among old games and dances by Frih, and picturesque *genre* assemblages by Ward; among the mangled-out nuns of the P. R. B's., and the heaving seas and sunny skies of Stanfield and Cook—and we shall find ourselves in a scene thoroughly characteristic of London May. What an atmosphere of flirting and flustering, what discussion and debate, what enthusiasm of admiration, and what cold-severity of criticism—all mingling in one vast soft inextinguishable and unintelligible buzz. How the favourite pictures are blockaded—how they are pronounced by the ladies to be dear, lovely, delightful, charming; with what interest are the portraits of "a lady" and "a gentleman" surveyed by the originals thereof, and their particular circles of friends, and with what indignation do they overhear a contemptuous remark about these snob portraits taking up the room which ought to be given to art—not painted flattery at a guinea the square inch! Here is a severely critical group deep in chiaroscuro and glazings, and middle distances and pearly tints, and the arrangement of the lights. Next to them again is a *laissez aller* company of loungers, who saunter day by day into the rooms, and chat languidly, and have seen the picture, but don't seem to care for the rest—"There's so many—and the rooms are always so crowded—and one forgets—and you'll see it all in the critiques of the papers—and it's a bore." An artist contemplating his own work may be known at a glance. He stands opposite it with folded arms and a stern visage. He shifts his position to try the effects of different lights. He frowns a dismal scowl at the stranger who, referring to his catalogue, murmurs—"435. Moses' Sisters dressing him for the Fair"—what a confoundingly bad picture, and on such a subject too! He scorns nine-tenths of the works around with a bitter scorn, and deems that there is a conspiracy to keep him down. The conversation of a knot of small artists is always wonderful; it is all about the evil influences which warped the hanging committee. They would each and all have been on the line, were it not that Landseer is jealous of this gentleman's "Puppy-dog trying to catch its tail;" and Stanfield, of this other gentleman's "View of Primrose Hill—sunset effect;" and MacIse, of this third gentleman's grand historical picture, 40 feet by 30, of "King John mending the Pen with which he signed Magna Charta;" and each perfectly agreeing in the grievances of the other, and coming to the unanimous and consoling resolution that they are the three worst-used gentlemen in Christendom.

Yet another social feature of our London May. We are in the great Hall of Exeter. The vast area is a sea of upturned faces; the platform towers to the organ—a mountain of life and animation. Five or six thousand people are gathered together; but not people of the class we have seen at the morning concerts or at the Royal Academy. Mark how sombre and grim are the toilettes. Where are all the fluttering ribbons and the flashy laces? Where the bright hues of wavy feathers, and the gaily-coloured parterres of artificial flowers? A restrained and respectable neatness reigns instead. Black and drab are the prevailing colours, and the effect is as if Milton's

Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

How perfect is the change from the glare and the garishness of more fashionable assemblies! We have got from the Cavaliers to the Puritans—from Whitehall to Conventicle. Suddenly a gentleman comes forward from the platform and stands conspicuously before the meeting. He is of grave and reverend aspect, and there is no mistaking the ecclesiastical cut of the single-breasted surcoat, and the loose clerical tie of the neckerchief. He is recognised at once; but, instead of the ordinary outburst of popular applause, the demonstration is, in nine cases out of ten, a silent one; out with one instantaneous flash there leap into the air thousands and thousands of white handkerchiefs. The entire assemblage is lost, as beneath a snow-storm. It is all one white wave and flutter, and the orator bows his thanks for the ladies' welcome. A curious and significant feature, indeed, of English society and feeling are the "May Meetings." Then comes the great annual jubilee of what is called the "Serious World." Then all the sober and non-dashing faubourgs of the London universe pour forth their inhabitants to these Great Exeter Hall gatherings, and there schemes are organised by the score, and money poured in by the thousand pounds in aid of the restless, all-pervading, all-attempting, all-daring spirit of philanthropy and propagandism which are two of our most notable national characteristics.

All this revives annually with May. The frivolity of our lives, and the seriousness of our lives, the amusements of our lives, and the purposes of our lives, all receive a fillip in May. One might trace the season in a hundred trifling developments, but each full of character and significance. May shines in the roaring street, and the long dormant love of green things puts forth more or less vigorous buds of yearning in all hearts. May shines upon the muddy Thames, and men begin instinctively to talk of a "blow on the river," and to picture the willowy banks and wooded aits of Richmond. May breathes upon the Parks, and the long untrodden greensward is trampled by thousands of enjoying feet; and the tardily drying mud of the "Ladies' Mile" is churned up again by the long vehicular procession of all species of glazed panels and picked-out wheels, from the vast old family carriage to the sly dark brougham with a dog looking out of the window. May beams down into the alley, and the "all a growing, all a blowing" man wheels his barrow of humble but savoury flowers along the squalid ravine between the houses. May is bright upon the roofs, and the hard-worked garreteer, be it man or woman, stoops over the pot or the box of mignonette or wall-flower on the window-sill, and adds pure refreshing water to the vivifying flash of the summer sun. May is hot upon the square yard of sooty London garden ground, and the stunted abortion of a tree makes an effort towards its six annual leaves. May is musical in the heart, and the blind old lark gives a flutter in its cage and sings as though at Heaven's gate. In all these little features and peculiarities all this great City proclaims May. We have traced its greater and more important social developments, its grand West-end features; but in little matters, as in big, the spirit is the same. "All creatures now are merry-minded." The "greens" dance and Almack's opens. The *prima donna* and the caged goldfinch alike sing their loudest. The serious men make their longest speeches in Exeter-hall, and the gay men open their most vigorous flirtations in drawing-room and opera-box. *Que voulez-vous?* The summer is begun. The blood stirs. It is May—May not alone in country, but in town!

A. B. REACH.

A FETE CHAMPETRE IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES II.

(From a Fly-Leaf in Mr. Pepys' Diary.)

MIDSUMMER DAY, 1667.—To my office, where comes my Lord Brunker with another; and after much diverting talk concerning my Lord Buckhurst and Nell (Gwyn), presently urgeth Sir W. Pen and me to take horse, and so to Epping, where he had appointed divers to meet him (as also servants with meats and wine and the like), and to eat and drink *al fresco*. Doubted in some sort, for that I had firmly promised my wife to dine at home; Will Soames, his cousin, and my niece Rose Bampton, being to dine with us, and my wife, poor thing, grievous troubled about the cheer. But on the whole, and minding that W. Soames is given to borrow money, wrote her that my Lords had ordered me on the nation's business to Dorking, and bid her send me my peach-coloured coat and fringed gloves. Comes back my messenger with the cloaths, and an angry message from my wife; whereat I cannot blame her nevertheless. *Mem.* to chide her, seeing that it might have been on the nation's business, and it is not for her to misdoubt what I say, as confidence betwixt man and wife is that without which nought can prosper. And so to Epping, where truly I found much good company. My Lord Staines and Sir Harry Pyebody (who methought was in prison), also Hugh Goresby and his wife, Sir Geoffrey Hudson the dwarf, Mistress Knibb, and other women from the King's house, all mighty pretty. We sat under the trees in the forest; but, Lord, how foolish the women did talk. I had a deal of discourse with Knibb, who had scarce any paint on her cheeks, and looked as yellow as a China orange. Proposed a play, and my Lord Staines' black page to enact "Othello;" but when in sport we began to tutor the fool, he would but grin like unto a baboon, which so incensed my Lord (and justly) that he did slash him on the legs (which are tender in these heathen) until he roared again, at which we had much mirth. Methought H. Goresby jealous that my Lord would lift Mistress Goresby from her horse, gazing in her eyes (which be fine) all the while, but this was most foolish. One Mistress Jane Rogers had a fine velvet hat and white feather, which did content me much. I took not great delight in the wine, yet the clary was not ill; but the fruit was excellent, and many good jests were made touching the apple, and the like. Only Knibb did curse dreadful, breaking her tooth with a Barcelona nut; and I to comfort her must needs promise to give her a silver crack-nut for her occasions. Then she sang "All you who love maidens," and a certain other song, whereat Mistress Goresby did shew great indignation, and did walk away, but after some time came back, my Lord going after to pacify her, swearing no harm was meant, which was not, and I hate such follies. Jane Rogers spilled some wine upon my coat, whereat I was vexed, but showed it not at the time, hoping to be well with her, but heard after that she abided me not. Sir G. H. (the dwarf) caused great sport, and in a bumper, well nigh the bigness of his head, drank speedy marriage to a young lady whose name I minded not. She answering, that, unless he would himself marry her, she would remain unmarried, he professed his readiness thereto; and my Lord pronouncing a grave blessing on their loves, we did all salute her, calling her Lady Hudson, and so, with much laughter, to horse; and my Lord Staines would seat Mistress Goresby on hers, saying it was meet, as he had taken her off. Whereat Goresby, being drunk, called my Lord "knave," which, if true, came amiss from such as he. My Lord would have chastised him, but was withheld by the women, and presently, with some drink and much ado, they were as fast friends as the wicked can ever be. And so riding to town, Mistress Knibb singing lustily, and calling to wayfarers that they were rogues and worse, which was very pretty and good sport. Sir G. H. did insist on many foolish things, the little wretch's brain being weak and disordered with drink. Howbeit, we gave charge of him to servants, and so home, I thanking Providence for a pleasant day, but somewhat troubled for my spoiled coat and for my wife's anger. And, indeed, it fell out, that, coming to my house, found my Lords had really sent for me, and all known to my wife, whereby much jangling, and she downright enraged, which was silly, as things done cannot be undone. Promised her a new sack, poor thing, and so to sleep.—From a MS. belonging to Mr. Shirley Brooks.

PETER BROWN'S HOLIDAY.

I.

Who likes may rule the state,
Who chooses may be great,
Or spend his weary days digging gold in the mire;—
He who prizes his wealth
Above virtue or health,
May grub, and grub away to his inmost heart's desire.
And the world may toil and fight,
In the wrong or in the right—
What matters it to me? I can live at my ease;—
My name is Peter Brown,
And I'm going out of town,
To loiter for a while in the shadow of the trees.

II.

I've had enough of strife
In my little bit of life,
And I've made up my mind not to wrangle any more;
And however things may go,
And whatever winds may blow,
I'll cease to be a slave, and to grumble or deplore.
Let editors indite,
'Tis their business to write;
But I'll read no more debates till the nights grow dark and cold.
My name is Peter Brown,
And I'm going out of town,
To the trees and to the flowers, and the breezes of the wold.

III.

Let Derby say his say,
And let Dizzy have his day,
And let the flinty President stab freedom through the breast;—
Let Boney do his worst,
Till he vanish like the first;—
What signifies to me? I want a little rest.
Prate away, ye vestries all,
Talk, ye mighty and ye small!
I would rather hear the blackbird and the trumpet of the bee;—
My name is Peter Brown,
And I'm going out of town,
And politics and parishes are nuisances to me.

IV.

I'm sick of old Pall-Mall,
And the Opera as well,
I'm weary of the Club, and the streets so dull and drear;
My eyes are tired of books,
And my ears of Jones and Snooks!
Oh, the leaves! the green leaves! and the song of birds so clear!
I'm tagg'd and bored to death,
Want to draw my breath,
And as the May is here, and the season at its prime;
As sure as I am Brown
I shall vanish out of town
Good bye, ye choking streets! I'll be happy for a time.—P. B.

MAY AND ITS FLOWERS.

Hail, beauteous May! Thou dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire.
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale do boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute you with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

WHATEVER changes may have taken place in the social and moral world since the gracious hand of Milton penned his beautiful "Invocation to May," blessed be God, no change of season has succeeded to render his picture of this charming month less perfect, or the homage he has paid to it less just. May, the fourth month of the year, is as truly merry May in 1852 as it was two centuries ago. True it is that the Maypole rears its head no longer on the village green; and that the faith of our maidens in the beautifying properties of its dew has waxed fainter and fainter. True it is that Kings and Queens no longer go a-maying in Greenwich-park, or milkmaids in Islington fields; but the spirit of the season is as rife within us as it ever was; and if the demonstrations which attend it be less marked than of yore, it is only that change of times has brought a change in the nature of our pleasures; the springs of enjoyment are copious as ever, though they may have wandered into new channels. Yes, May is as it ever was—merry May! the morning of the seasons—the youth of the year—the birthday of beauty on every side—on upland and lowland, mountain and moor; in the singing brooks and in the still waters; for, "Lo! the winter is passed; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Such was spring in the days of King Solomon; such it is in those of Queen Victoria; and such will it ever be while light and life remain on the earth.

Leaving the antiquary to lament the decadence of the time-honoured observances it delights him to honour; and the classic, with a deprecating shrug of the shoulder, to compare the May of Arcadia with that of his own less favoured land; leaving to other hands to tell of the May of the Great City; move we aside into the retired byways of Nature, and see what she has been doing for us there in the dull chill days of winter to minister to our enjoyment in this month of months.

"Beware of him who loves not flowers and children," says the old adage, and justly: flowers that seem associated with our first experiences, interwoven with our earliest and happiest recollections; flowers whose beauty is ever new to us, for long before it has had time to pall upon our senses it has departed; to whose perfume we owe many a passing glimpse which nothing else could give us of thoughts and feelings long forgotten—of a past we had never thought to see again. Beware, indeed, of him who loves not flowers.

There are few, even among the most philosophical minds, who have not yielded to their influence; few of the most unimaginative who have not owned their spell. The sight, in a foreign country, of the *per-ranche* melted Rousseau to tears; and the yellow gorse, seen under similar circumstances, produced upon Linnaeus the same effect. Mungo Park, in his journal, tells us that the sight, in the wilds of Africa, of a flower which had been familiar to him in his native land, was as the face of a friend to him, and fulfilled the office of a friend by raising his spirits at a time when almost overcome by despondency at the magnitude of the difficulties which surrounded him. Dr. Carey, the great Oriental scholar, records his delight at the sight, in India, of a daisy which had sprung up spontaneously from some mould in which more important plants had been packed from England; and the author of "Memorials of the War in the Peninsula" assured the writer that the smell of the rosemary always recalled most vividly to his mind all the circumstances of the battle-field of Toulouse; he having been brought to a sense of existence, after a severe wound, by its powerful odour.

Over the poets flowers have ever exercised the same benign influence, for there are few of them who have not hymned their praises and done them homage. No inconsiderable collection might be formed of the flowers thus celebrated. It is, however, curious and worthy of remark how much more frequently wild flowers have been the theme of their admiration than those more indebted to art for their production—another proof that nature is, after all, the true fountain of inspiration:—

Ye field flowers, the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;
But, wildings of nature, I'dote upon you,
For ye wait me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

E'en now what affection the violet awakes!
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore!
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangle their shore!—Campbell.

By slow and gradual steps we are led on, by the appearance of one flower after another in our gardens, to the full flush of the treasures of May. The snowdrop, or snowbell, as the Italians prettily call it; the mezerion, the daffodil named by old writers; the Lent lily, with the large family of arums—heralds of the floral year of the garden—prepare us for the "succession of bright hues and gracious odours" in which we may revel there for the next two months: but no such *avant-couriers* do service to the flowers of the field; they awake from the sleep of winter, as it were, at once, unheralded, unannounced, but not unnoticed. To the botanist the haunts of even the simplest wild flowers are familiar, and their coming an object of interest. He knows where to seek his favourites: he can track them on the sands and stony places, and among brambles, briars, and reeds; half hidden by the withered leaves of a bygone season, they stand still revealed to his sight. But for their less gifted admirers, who can boast no such knowledge of their vagrant habits, there are no pioneers to their hiding-places like the children of the peasantry. None can do the honours of the woods and hedgerows like them; and well may it be so, for are they not their only wealth—are they not their own by right of free forestry? The high-bred, well-trained, courtly pansy may be denied them, but its gipsy sister, the American heartsease, is their own; the stately garden lily may be beyond their reach, but the nun-like lily of the valley is no recluse to them. Let us follow, then, that group of sunburnt children, and make the acquaintance of the flowers of the field, not under the lofty designations of science, but in the familiar names of common life.

How gay are the hedgerows on every side with the white hawthorn, boasting of the name of May, and filling the air with its faint perfume! Close beside it rises the crab-tree, with its beautiful blossoms, ill performing in its maturity the promise of the spring; the mountain ash, richer in its fruitage than in its blossom; and the Barbary, equally attractive in both. The traveller's joy (wild clematis) crowns the highest points of the hedgerows, and smothered even the prickly holly in its embrace; whilst here and there the white convolvulus, with its vine-like tendrils, might furnish a garland befitting the brow of a Queen.

Beneath the friendly shade of the hedgerows blossoms many a plant of interest—the wild vetch, the common mallow, jack-in-the-hedge, mouse-ear, hawkweed, and others too numerous to be even glanced at. The pheasant's eye, the blue vetch, the wild mustard with its yellow flowers, adorn the drier ground of the corn-fields, and win favour from eve's eye but that of the farmer.

However pleasant our leisurely stroll along the grassy hedgerows may have been, we gladly turn aside from the hot sun and dusty road to enjoy the mellow light and solemn stillness of the woods, broken now and then perhaps by the glancing wing of the blackbird as it springs from hedgerow to covert, or the "weet-wee" of the chaffinch as it calls to its mate. No ponderous wagon or jostling market cart meets us here, to remind us of labour and this working-day world. The

forest trees, not yet in full leaf, present all their distinctive characteristics to the sight—some sturdy and defiant, some flexible and feathery, but all beautiful!

The hawthorn has arrived at full maturity. The beautiful wild cherry has donned both leaf and blossom, scattering its delicate petals around it like a shower of summer snow; whilst amongst the soft mosses and melic grass at its feet, the blue hyacinth, the anemone (the wind flower), the scentless violet, the wakerobin, and, above all, that most delicate of flowers, the wood sorrel, lately seen but in scattered patches, literally clothe the earth. The lily of the valley, too, half hidden by its leaves, is no less abundant in glades more shaded and secluded; the major periwinkle, with star-like flowers, the sweet woodruff, with its white tufts and ringed leaves, the herb Paris, speedwell, the wood sanicle, the bird orchis, first of a numerous and capricious family—all combine their attractions

To make a sunshine in a shady place,

and amply reward us for the trouble of seeking them out in the cool, moist nooks they love so well.

If from the woods we turn into the luxuriant meadows, what wealth of fragrant grasses meet us at every step. The sweet-scented vernal grass; the bulbous grass; the quaking grass, trembling at every breath; the fescue, with its yellow-green flowers and glossy hair, that shows like silver in the sunbeam; these, with many others, render their tribute to the month of flowers. Nor are the old pastures niggard of their own peculiar sweets. True, they can boast of common flowers alone—the daisy, the buttercup, the meadow crocus, sweet Cicely, &c.; but, were they even less fair in themselves, their profusion alone would claim our admiration.

The wild heaths, too, boast their attractions, although they hold their full state at a later period. The bursting fern, the bilberry, with its purple fruit; the hairgrass, waving in the wind; the yellow gorse, and swaying broom, fill the air with honey-like fragrance, and contribute their share to the delights of the season.

The rough places, too—the mountains, and even crumbling walls—now pay in their tribute. There may be seen the yellow violet, the saxifrage, the globe-flower, the yellow fumitory, the crowberry, the maidenhair, the snapdragon—all unite in clothing the stony places with luxuriant verdure. The floating crowsfoot forms mimic islands in the shady pool; the vetch and water-violet adorn its sedgy banks; and even the sullen bog reverts, and sends forth the Dutch myrtle (sweetgate) to welcome in the spring-time.

We must, however, linger no longer in the fields, delightful as they are, for we have yet to see what Nature has been doing in the garden.

Although many and heavy charges are brought against our climate, it has one advantage unshared by those of a more genial nature. Our buds and our blossoms come forth more gradually in spring, and more gradually decline in autumn, and are thus to the flowery year what morning and evening twilight are to the day. Their succession is sufficiently rapid to prevent the most capricious from wearying of their charms, and their variety abundant enough to satisfy the most exacting. We shall say nothing of the rich exotics, which derive their beauty chiefly from science—unlike our own favourites, that owe little of their attractions to any but the cunning hand of Nature herself.

Among the ornamental forest trees of the month, the chestnut stands pre-eminent, with its rich cone of flowers, and broad fan-like leaf. Beneath it, and forming a strong contrast in general outline and detail, flourishes the glowing red hawthorn, a perfect bush of blossoms, and which, although only a variety of the common May, is scarcely surpassed by any shrub for beauty and fragrance. Beside it the delicate laburnum (the May of the Italians) drops its golden showers around, fittingly designated "my Lady's chain;" whilst the lilac mingles its flowers among it, producing an harmonious contrast of colours too well known to the gardener not to be frequently adopted.

The acacia, the Guelder rose (the snowball of childhood), tosses aloft its abundant bloom; whilst the delicate white syringa (the orange-flower of England) diffuses sweet odour alike from leaf and blossom. Nor must we forget to enumerate the rhododendron, whose early varieties are now in full perfection.

We must, however, linger no longer in the shrubbery, but turn to the parterre, and observe what that has to show. Among the gayest flowers of the border, the tribe of lobelias stands conspicuous: here they are of many kinds, and in different stages of progression, but all lovely. The scarlet cardinal, the most common among them, is certainly not the least attractive, with its slender leaves and spike-like blossoms—how rich in their abundance! The shining lobelia, with its spotted foliage; the fulgent lobelia, and the delicate white variety, looking so pure and chaste, yet possessing a breath scarcely less deadly than the nightshade itself. The tiger-flower is here, rich in scarlet and orange—boasting marks on its blossoms soft and shaded as those on the animal suggesting its name. The family of the bugloss follow next—numerous enough to fill a garden of themselves, though limited principally in their colours to the various shades of blue and violet. The single bugloss, the viper bugloss, the double viper bugloss, are all now in bloom; with many more of the family ready to fill their places when they shall have done their duty and passed away.

The graceful hyacinth next demands our notice, and would seem to be an especial favourite of nature, seeing what numerous gifts it has bestowed upon it. It may fairly boast of stateliness of form, richness of scent, and beauty of tint rarely matched by any other flower. We have the feathered hyacinth, the Spanish, the Peruvian, and many others more or less charming, whose attractions make us wonder the less at the grave mischief their beauty entailed on our Dutch neighbours some half a century ago.

The azalea, lately forced and stimulated into bloom to furnish forth the fashionable border of the bouquet, now appears in its natural season in all its various dresses of scarlet, white, flesh-coloured, and variegated.

The cobra flaunts its purple blossoms in the air, and shows us the progress that vegetation can make in a single week of sunshine. The yellow, the red, and the Pyrenean honeysuckle clamber beside it and diffuse sweetness around. Nor must we forget the scarlet trumpet, the most beautiful of its species, scentless though it be. Surely it was this variety that led the fond mother to bestow its lofty name on her child, as sung by the poet Crabbe:—

"Why Lonicera will you call your child?"
I asked the gardener's wife, in accents mild.
"We have a right," replied the sturdy dame,
And Lonicera was the infant's name.

But we must detain the reader no longer by minute descriptions of the many plants which yet remain to claim our regard. Of the 600 species of geraniums, the hardy scarlet, and one or two others that can face the wind, may be seen in our borders. The heliotrope is there also, richer in fragrance than in beauty; the marigold, double and single (with its "virgin" associations); and all the mallow tribe, alluded to so frequently in holy writ. The phillyreas, the valerian, the Florentine iris, the speedwell, the slipperwort, the asphodel, the peony, the stillaria, and a thousand others, unite to make the garden of May one paradise of sweets; nor must we forget to say that even the dwarf box, that hems these treasures in, has its own small offering to bestow on the minute green flowers it puts forth to welcome in the month.

Such are a few of the attractions that Nature puts forth to allure us into the genial air and glorious sunshine of this festive season; and although it must afford a very inadequate sample of the rich treasures by which we are surrounded, it may suffice, perhaps, to awaken a spirit of inquiry in some few "in populous city pent" to whom it may present features little familiar, whilst to the genuine lover of the country I can only say, "Would it were worthier." But who ever has spoken of nature in the full flush of its beauty, but has felt the poverty of language to do justice to a tythe of its beauty?

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her smiling face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve,
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave,
Of reason, fancy too, and truth there can no be away.

Such are the bursts of the poet who says: "The Seasons" so well; and where can I find a fitter one with which to conclude this brief notice of May and its Flowers?
Z. M. W.

MAY-DAY FANCIES.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

I.

The biting wintry winds are laid,
And spring comes carolling o'er the earth:
Mead, mountain, glen, and forest glade
Are ringing with melodious mirth.
The fields have doff'd their sober brown,
And donn'd their robes of lovely green.
On meadow wide, on breezy down,
Are flowers in countless myriads seen.
Come forth, come forth, enjoy the day,
And welcome song-inspiring May!

II.

Through bud and branch, and gnarled trunk,
To deepest root, when quickening light
Touches the torpid juices, sunk
In slumber by the winter's might,
Electric currents tingling rise,
Each circle swells with life anew;
Wide opening to the sunny skies,
Young grateful blossoms drink the dew.
Come forth, time-furrowed age, and say
If anything feels old in May?

III.

Step o'er the brook, climb up the bank,
And peep beneath those wither'd leaves—
Among the roots with wild weeds rank;
See how the fruitful earth upheaves
With pulsing life! How quivering
The timid young flowers, blushing, bend
Their gentle heads, where modesty
And all the graces sweetly blend.
Come forth, come forth, ye young, and say
What cheeks can vie with rosy May?

IV.

From desk and 'Change, come forth and range;
From clanging forge, and shop, and mill;
From crowded room, from board and loom,
Come! bid the rattling wheels be still.
Come, old and young, come strong and weak,
Indulge the limb and brain with rest.
Come, gushing youth and wrinkled cheek,
In leisure feel your labour blest.
Come forth, come forth, and hail the day,
Come, welcome in the glorious May!

V.

Come, ere the dappled East has burn'd—
Made molten gold the winding stream;
Come, ere the fiery sun has turn'd
The pearly dew to misty steam;
Come, ere the lark has left his nest,
Or lambkin bleated on the hill;
Come, see how nature looks in rest,
And learn the bliss of being still.
Come forth, come forth, and hail the day!
Come, welcome blossom-teeming May!

VI.

Æolian murmurs swell the breeze,
Enchant the ear, and charm the brain;
While merry bells and humming bees
Fill up the burden of the strain.
On earth, in air, oh, everywhere,
A brighter glory shines to-day;
Old bards reveal how birds prepare
New songs to herald joyous May.
Come forth, come forth, nor lingering stay,
Come, crown with flowers the matchless May!

VII.

No trumpet's thrilling call is heard
To serve host or lordly crest,
But that mysterious voiceless word,
By which the world is onward prest—
Which bids the grass in beauty grow,
And stars their paths of glory keep,
Makes winds and waves harmonious flow,
And dreaming infants smile in sleep.
That voice, resistless in its sway,
Turns winter wild to flowery May.

VIII.

From edges of the dusky shade,
That canopies the restless town,
Come trooping many a youth and maid,
With flushing face and tresses brown.
High hopes have they, their hearts to please,
They seek the wild wood's haunted dell;
They laughing come, by twos and threes,
But chiefly twos. I mark them well—
So trimly drest, so blithe and gay,
With them it seems 'tis always May.

IX.

They steep their kerchiefs in the dew;
Then follow wondrous wringings out;
As winged seeds were blown, they knew
What laggard lovers were about.
Some pluck the glowing leaves to learn
If love declared be love sincere;
Or in red, ragged streaks discern
Love lost, and virtue's burning tear.
Oh, love is earnest though in play,
When comes the love-inciting May.

X.

With hawthorn blooms and speckled shells,*
Chaplets are twined for blushing brows;
While gipsies work their magic spells,
And lovers pledge their deathless vows.
Then round and round, with many a bound,
They tread the mystic fairy ring.
The silent woods have voices found,
And echoing, chorus while they sing:
"With shout and song, and dance and play,
We welcome in the glorious May!"

XI.

Link'd hand in hand, their tripping feet
Keep time to mirth's inspiring voice;
They wheel and meet, advance, retreat,
Till happy hearts in love rejoice.
The ring is formed for kisses sly—
Leaping and racing o'er the plain:
The young wish time would quicker fly,
The old wish they were young again.
Away with care: no cares to-day!
Care slumbers on the lap of May!

XII.

The voice that bade them welcome forth,
Now gently, kindly whispers "Home!"
To-day has been a day of mirth;
To-morrow nobler duties come.
Such pleasures nerve the arm for strife,
Bring joyous thoughts and golden dreams,
To mingle with the web of life—
And memory store with woods and streams.
Such joys drive cankering care away;
Then ever welcome, flowery May!

* In some parts of the north of England they form chaplets for May-day with flowers and speckled shells of eggs, as here described.



"THE VILLAGE BRIDAL."—PAINTED BY H. M. ANTHONY.—EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

"THE VILLAGE BRIDAL."—BY ANTHONY.

WE have already, in our last notice, made honourable mention of Mr. Anthony's original and effective style of handling, particularly in landscape subjects, as evidenced in his several works at the Suffolk-street Gallery. We have now great pleasure in engraving his picture of the "Bridal," which is much and deservedly admired as a *chef-d'œuvre* of foliage effects. The ivy-clad roof of the old village church is so marvellously executed as to have the effect of illusion. You almost expect to see a swallow shooting forth from some of its shadier recesses. The trees on the left, also, are well distinguished in form, leaf, and colouring. Under their shade the bridal procession is seen entering the church, whilst a group of village idlers look on with curious interest from a respectful distance nearer the spectator. But the landscape portion of the picture is by far the best,

and is that department upon which the artist should rest his fame. His figures and animals are less successful, and sometimes are introduced unnecessarily; as, for instance, is the case with the four dogs scattered about the middle and foreground, and the two figures near the centre.

"THERE! HE'S GONE."—BY T. DICKSEE.

In the Suffolk-street Gallery T. F. Dicksee has two clever little pieces, one of which, emphatically entitled "There! he's gone!" especially pleased us, as we are sure it will please our readers, with the little quiet moral which it appears



"THERE! HE'S GONE!"—PAINTED BY T. DICKSEE.—EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

"THE RETURN FROM THE CAMPAGNA."—BY CARL HAAG.

"THE Return from the Campagna," by Carl Haag, is one of the gems of the Water-Colour Exhibition, and a remarkably fine specimen of the limner's art. The scene is a simple one—a Roman peasant woman bringing home her goats at evening, whilst she still economises the time by plying the distaff, leaving her infant to amuse himself in a basket which she carries on her head—an incident strictly true. Beside her is a boy playing on a pipe. The atmosphere glows with the broad beams of the setting sun, the foreground alone being invested with the cooler hues of stunted herbage. The general character of the spot is truthfully preserved; the Eternal City looms in the far distance, and a light mist already steals into the sky from the marshy plains which surround it.

rather to insinuate than propound, and the happy manner in which the whole story is told, without affectation or excess of sentiment. What can be more touching to those who centre all their hopes and lavish all their cares upon one dear object, than to find the bird—for such is the "pet" on this occasion—fly away from its gilded cage into the wide world without, at the very moment its fair mistress has opened the door to minister to its daily wants? Yet such is the little episode now realised before us—"There! he's gone!" Yes! who would have thought it? There is a blank astonishment in the look—the vain, last look after the fugitive—which tells of a heart's first disappointment, and its first foretaste of the cold realities of life. All the adjuncts of furniture, cage, jug upset in the excitement of the moment, are tastefully introduced, tending to the completeness of a highly effective little picture.



"THE HAPPY OLD MAN"—PAINTED BY R. JORDAN.

"THE HAPPY OLD MAN."—BY R. JORDAN.

THE Art-Union societies of the Rhenish provinces are daily giving a stimulus and encouragement to art, which cannot fail of popularising art and diffusing its civilising influence amongst the masses. Though

the general tendency of the German school has of late been too much towards a style of cold poetic mysticism, from which neither art nor nature can be gainers, we have occasionally happy exceptions in domestic subjects such as that now before us. "Das Glückliche Alter," the happy old man, with his thoughtful but contented expression, tells of a

life of usefulness and calm enjoyment. His little granddaughter, affectionately clinging to his arm, has just interrupted him in the study of the book which he holds in his hands, and the grave subject of which he is still meditating upon, whilst he gives a half-hearing to the little nothings of childish fancy.



"THE RETURN FROM THE CAMPAGNA."—PAINTED BY CARL HAAG.—EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

A TOWN PASTORAL.

BY THE HON. DAMON FITZ-DAMON, CAPTAIN IN HER MAJESTY'S
GUARDS, AND THE LADY SYLVIA SILVERDZW.

In yon proud park, once (Cunningham recites)—
The Hyde, a manor near the Bridge of Knights,
Beside that gentle lake to which the dame
Of George the Second gave the Serpent's name
(Aptly, perchance, its name and nature mate,
For 'tis, the vulgar say, in scaly state)—
There lately wander'd a distinguished pair,
A captain gorgeous and a maiden fair.
What time the martial music, throbbing loud,
To yonder Gardens drew the lounging crowd.
While thus alone they interchanged the sigh,
Press'd the kind arm, and glanced the fondling eye;
The Muse o'erheard them, as by turns they spake—
The Muse Shorthandia, always wide awake.

DAMON.

Why pouts my Sylvia? Why, in musing mute,
Marks she the toe-point of her fairy boot?
Or counts the ripples breaking on the shore?
Has she a head-ache? 'Tis a shocking bore.

SYLVIA.

No, Damon, no. She owns a direr smart:
'Tis not her head that aches, sir, but her heart.
But why name hearts to thee, whose nature hard
Knows but the heart that's stamp'd upon the card?

DAMON.

Sylvia is hasty; but I hope and trust,
Will never say the thing that is unjust.
Why should mistake arise between us twain?
Do Damon, dear, the favour to explain.

SYLVIA.

'Tis needless; for, despite that pleading smile,
His conscience is explaining all the while:
But, to add clearness to its struggling tones,
Let me pronounce two little words—Miss Jones!

DAMON.

Joneses there be in shoals, my love, and each
May father her you mention in your speech:
There's Jones the banker (would I had his tin!)
And Jones the barrister, of Serjeants'-inn;
And Jones of Llan St. Ffridd, a squire of Wales,
Not to name Davy, famed in sailors' tales.
And each may have a daughter—has, no doubt—
But why, on that account, should Sylvia pout?

SYLVIA.

You artful thing! But, sir, you go too far,
And show what sort of character you are.
Last night, perhaps, you never went at all
To Lady Nortonfolgate's fancy ball?

DAMON.

Do I deny it? Did I not request
That you would name the dress you liked the best.
Did you not counsel Edward's (the Black Prince),
Which I refused? How you have quizz'd me since,
Because I did not like, in any case,
A part requiring me to black my face.
You knew that I was going, in the dress
Of Gaveston, the favourite of—Queen Bess.

SYLVIA.

I did; and trusted, sir, that you would prove
Constant to her whom you pretend to love;
Nor thought, in Lady Nortonfolgate's park,
You'd flirt by moonlight, sir, with Jones of Arc.
Oh, never frown! the whole affair I heard
Early this morning from a little bird.

DAMON.

That little bird 's a great and silly goose;
But to reproaches let's proclaim a truce.
If all the Joneses named in Boyle's Court Guide,
And all the Arcs in Euclid's Odes had tried
To shake my constancy to thee, I vow
They would have lost their labour, Sylvia. Now!

SYLVIA.

I must believe you. Men, 'tis said, but live
To cheat, and gentle women to forgive.
And pray how go your fortunes? Does your book
Upon the Derby wear a healthy look?

DAMON.

Why, not too much of that. Upon my soul
I half believe my place will be the hole!
All's very dark as yet, the pot don't boil,
But a long shot may be the cue for spoil.

SYLVIA.

Enchanting phrases, in whose little nouns
Lies the philosophy of Epsom Downs.
I hope you'll win; I also hope to see
That when the spoils are won, you've thought of me.

DAMON.

Gleams there, in shop of Roskell and of Hunt,
A jewel fit to deck my Sylvia's front—
That jewel is her own, when I have scan'd
The "Augur's" number on the shouting Stand.

SYLVIA.

Nay, nay, a little ring, a mere *cadeau*—
But try and liquidate the debts you owe.
Papa declares that I shall never wed
A man whom creditors can keep in dread.

DAMON.

My elder brother offer'd to be bound
To pay my duns eight shillings in the pound;
But they refuse Sir John's proposal fair,
And will exact their utmost claim they swear

SYLVIA.

'Tis hard, but in your trouble you must see
How very wrong extravagance must be.
Had Damon led a wise and prudent life,
Sylvia had now been Damon's loving wife.

DAMON.

Reproach me not, 'tis not the wisest plan;
Besides, I've now become an altered man.
I've no new debts (to speak of), seldom play,
And only drink to drive my griefs away.

SYLVIA.

To comfort you I'll tell you something new,
Then judge if my affection be not true.
Listen:—Lord HORACE GLIMMER, of the Blues,
For Sylvia's hand, by pa's permission, sues!

DAMON.

Glimmer! an awful ass! a helpless spoon!
Send him about his business precious soon!
A prig! a screw! a pump! a muff! a bore!
I never heard such impudence before!

SYLVIA.

Be he all that (what'er all that may mean),
He pays his homage with a soul serene;
Calm in the knowledge that his rentals clear
Produce him just twelve thousand pounds a year.

DAMON.

Were it twelve millions he could offer you,
They would be dear if he were taken too;
But by such follies I should be amused—
How did the blockhead look when you refused?

SYLVIA.

But understand, I've not refused him yet.
At the Botanic *fête* to-day we met.
You should have seen him o'er my bonnet bent,
While we were standing in the Fuchsia tent!

DAMON.

And had I seen him friendship's licence pass,
I should, assuredly, have stopped the farce.
But, Sylvia, do not keep me on the rack,
Let him with promptitude receive the sack.

SYLVIA.

Twelve thousand pounds—an income so complete,
A London mansion, and a country seat!
Though Sylvia be the daughter of an Earl,
A chance like that were good for any girl.

DAMON.

You never loved me, Sylvia, that's a fact,
Or with such heartlessness you would not act.
Have not such chances fallen to me, I pray,
Have I not spurn'd them, for your sake, away?
Had not Ross Dorrington a fine estate?
Had Mrs. Weedon diamonds, cash, and plate?
Was I not free to pick a Bishop's niece,
Of three, with twenty thousand pounds apiece?
Or Madame St. Emilion—rather brown,
But with a million francs, and money down?
Not to name Amy Yates, who's very nice,
And whose rich aunt has hinted for me twice?

SYLVIA.

Good gracious me, we're getting angry, quite,
Which, with a lady, is not so polite.
What a long list of slighted wedding-rings,
Like that Lablache, in "Don Giovanni," sings.

DAMON.

Excuse my warmth, my dear, you know it shows
How ardently my heart's affection glows;
But make me happy, clear my every doubt,
And send Lord Horace to the right-about.

SYLVIA.

Make yourself happy, then; for ere I dine,
I'll write his Lordship a dismissing line.
Papa will scold, but all his wrath I'll bear—
So long as you are happy, I don't care.

DAMON.

Dear Sylvia! One thing I've decided on,
I'll have another shy at brother John;
Urge him to settle with my pesterer duns,
And free me from the pangs of younger sons.

SYLVIA.

Then, if he pays them off, approach my sire;
Tell him that to my hand you've dared aspire;
Our mutual flame reveal. I trust he'll say,
"Take her;" but if he don't—we'll run away!

DAMON.

Celestial thought! no more my hopes shall droop;
The ticket that for matrimonial soup.
To Wiltshire I'll be off on Monday night,
And hope to send you word Sir John's all right.

SYLVIA.

Write as before, enclosing to my maid—
Mamma inspects my letters, I'm afraid.
But see! the band has done—the tiresome things!
Come to our box to-night—the Wagner sings.

So spake the fair, and parted with a look
Stenography will not attempt to book.
May Damon's brother promptly yield the tin,
His duns prove ductile, and his courser win;
And Fate, in giving Sylvia as his wife,
With roses strew the pathway of his life.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

THE LAST PROMENADE AT THE CRYSTAL
PALACE.

Does any reader wish a contrast? Does any reader rejoice in glaring opposites? Does any reader sigh for an example of glory past, and pomp which is but a vision, and magnificence which is but a memory? If so, we will help them to what they seek. Let them call to mind the First of May, 1851, and place it side by side with the First of May, 1852. Let them summon up their recollections of the Crystal Palace, when the Queen sat in her chair of state, with all the best and greatest, and proudest, not only of England, but of Europe, around her, and the Crystal Palace now—empty, desolate, forlorn—the wreck of booths clustered where the costliest productions of skill and art were piled; a handful of lounging dealers bargaining and wrangling over planks, where bishops and archbishops blessed the work, and the noble of letters, arts, sciences, and birth rejoiced to hear the Royal mandate go forth that the labour was achieved, and that the world was welcome to admire it!

On the First of May, 1851, how unprecedentedly glorious was the scene! Rich as it was in visual splendour and in brilliant and beneficent associations, the pageant was still richer in its perfect novelty. Did ever Kingly banquet or Imperial coronation suggest the same ideas or swell with the same import? Mere splendour the world has long been satiated with. Embroidery and cloth of gold, the waving of banners and the pealing of trumpets, the glitter of processions and the gorgeousness of heraldry—all this has for centuries and centuries been gradually "used up." No doubt, mere glare and pomp may still possess some lingering charms for the eyes of the groundlings; and, so far as they contain in themselves the elements of beauty, reasonably so. But, on the First of May, 1851, a scene of more superb and overpowering gorgeousness than was ever witnessed within the four seas of England was invested with a significance which, more than any occurrence the world has yet seen, told of the glad new era before us, the era of the arts and sciences, of the era when man is every day more and more triumphantly asserting his power over the elements.

Nine-tenths of our ceremonials and our pageantry come down to us through the grey gloom of the olden times. We trace in them the savour of feudalism. The armour rings out in their rejoicings, and through its clash we hear the solemn chantings of the old church. But on the First of May, 1851, we had our first great national festival—free from the manners, the associations, and the relics of our fathers. Although the magic and the cantrips by which the old story-tellers loved to account for the feats of great minds are gone, one magic is left—the greatest of them all. It was appealed to in aid of the Labour Festival of modern times. It is a magic which, properly sought, is ever found; fairly wooed, is ever won; a magic whose spirits are sure to come when you do call upon them—the magic of Science and Art! And this magic built a Palace fitted for the modern idea and the modern purpose. Neither draw-bridge nor portcullis, neither bartizan nor watch-tower, did it rear; but reverently and gracefully adopting that ecclesiastical form which is shadowed in so many fanes—beautified in so many shrines, it called, as it were, from the turf a fairy edifice—modern in material, modern in fashioning; novel, also, in material and in fashioning; a structure which he who raised the Cathedral of Canterbury or the Dom of Cologne might have gazed at in mute wonder, and deemed that it surpassed even his greatest feats in architecture.

This was the crowning and the peculiar glory of the Exhibition—that it was entirely and totally of our own times. Truly, the First of May, 1851, was a great May-day—the greatest May-day which ever was celebrated in England. For, after all, may not the crystal fountain be taken as our Maypole? and—with all grace be it spoken—the Queen as our Maid Marian; and did not all the world bow to the one, and cluster fondly and for months and months around the other?—Yes, the First of May of last year was the great modern May-day. Our forefathers hailed May as the in-coming of the joyous summer-tide, when the green leaves burst out in the wood, and the lusty corn sprang upwards, and the rejoicing time of the birds was at hand. Why, then, may not our modern May-day be equally typical—typical of the advancing summer of knowledge and wisdom?

True, for the moment, the contrast, so far as the shrine of our great festival goes, is, as we have said, striking, and, as we now say, strange and sad. The outward and physical portions of the ceremony—the relics of the occasion—are, it is said, we know not with what truth, on the eve of being utterly swept away. A few weeks, and we are threatened that all that remains of the Crystal Palace will be the evanescent mark it has made upon the earth. The enthusiasm of May, June, July, and August, 1851, has gone in the way of all enthusiasms: it has had its fierceness, its glitter, and its heat. It has now chilled down. How the opening of the Palace stirred us all—how London was moved to its depths—and not only London, but England and the Continent. How we talked but of the one great approaching show. How all other entertainments were neglected, and how even the high and mighty Houses of Parliament gave over oratorising, inasmuch as they could find no listeners. Now the summer opens as summers are wont to do; we have got back to our politics and our theatres, our concerts and our panoramas. We are at little things again. We are frittered as of old, and yet not without some sort of struggle. Decided as the general apathy appears to be, it has not been without its exceptional sparks of existence and regret. In the assemblages, concerts, and promenades of the last month drawn to the desolated Crystal Palace, nominally by the attractions of military bands, but really, we are sure, by a haunting desire to see the last of the scene of so many happy and instructive hours—are to be traced the signs of a lingering and fitful love for the Building. Significant and melancholy were the last gatherings at the empty shrine. People entered the Building impressed with a sad and thoughtful curiosity. "How will it look? Bare, empty, gutted, the corpse of iron and glass, left at last untenanted and dead?" But on the outside the general *coup d'œil* was more cheering. The sun of May, 1851, seemed again to play upon the greenery of the Park and the shining Serpentine. The crowds of May, 1851, seemed again to be pouring westward; again the creaking omnibuses were loaded outside and in; again the cabs moved in double and triple lines to the grand rendezvous; again policemen struggled to keep order due in the advancing cavalcade, and cabmen flattered themselves that the old times were come once more. It was, indeed, a pleasant retrospective glance. It was delightful to abandon oneself to it—to allow oneself to be cheated into the notion that a year had not rolled away—that the Crystal Palace was still the Crystal Palace; that we could still march straight from the west transept door into India, or turn to the right into Tunis, or cross the nave once more to call upon the Persian and the Turk. Leaving the street for the Park, the illusion was still kept up; the slender iron columns rose as gracefully, and the long expanses of glass shone as brilliantly as they did before, only the flags had been stripped; the long rows of national blazons had disappeared; stars and stripes and tricolours, crescents and black eagles, had vanished together—touching memento of the state of matters inside. But still the crowd thronged Palaceward as of yore. They poured along the broad walk running parallel with Knightsbridge; they made their way beneath

the trees along the head of the Serpentine from the "Lady's Mile;" and they came stretching across the sward in caravans from the Bayswater corner, where the Marble Arch now rears its triumphant clumsiness, and they were all absorbed at the yawning portals; and the shillings rang, and the turnstiles clicked, as merrily as before. But one step across the threshold, and the dream was past! "Barren," like Justice Shallow's patrimony—"Barren, barren, barren." If ever the force of the common expression, "full of emptiness," was experienced, it was when the visitor crossed the threshold. How blankly and vacantly the eye took in the long vistas of nave and aisles, the vast ranges of gallery, the huge wastes left naked and desolate, or only heaped with the rubbish of fittings, dirty calico which had once shown bravely, and piles of smashed carpentry which had once borne the wonders of the place. A city sacked—a ship gutted—a costly volume with all torn rudely out between the battered boards—the sense, the imagination, the poetry and the toil—the whole place was an iron and glass type of desolation and of the passing away of things. Perhaps even the aspect of your own household despoiled would not be more melancholy. For while it lasted the Crystal Palace was a sort of second household to all London. People here set up a species of extra and supernumerary Lares and Penates. They had their *ara* and their *foca* in two places at once. Every night a man was at home *chez soi*. Every day saw him at home *chez Paxton*. For a moment people felt clearly indignant. Where was their *ameublement*? Here was a trick played upon a manifest and lawful property. Was Prudhon at work, or had Cabet set up a second Icaria in Hyde Park? A man felt that he was despoiled: if his Englishman's castle had not been broken into, his Englishman's palace had been cleared out; all the old associations had been snapped like straws; all the old pets in the way of favoured articles had been laid violent hands on; not an old familiar form met the eye, not an old familiar hue was there to greet one as a friend: the visitor stood in the most dismal of all structures—a well-loved, well-known house empty and deserted.

It was curious and interesting to watch how the people cast melancholy wondering glances at the bare spaces of boards and iron pillars which had been regions and continents, and islands and towns: how they roamed hither and thither, pointing out where such a statue had stood, such an engine had worked, such a tapestry had been hung, or such a trophy had been built; they looked for sites, and sought recollections. Like antiquaries gleaning out old battle-fields, and determining the position of camps or cities which only live now in ancient vellums and emblazoned parchments, they went calculating distances, and calling up memories, and settling quite positively where ran the boundary which separated the Free States from the Zollverein; and where stood some particularly favoured object, some triumph of artistic or industrial skill, which was one of the lions, and to which all memories naturally recurred. And this was done generally in a mood of sober regretfulness, quietly and calmly, with a half-smile and a half-sigh—a natural lingering longing mental look back at the departed glories. Here and there might be seen the more eager curiosity of the occasional visitor—of course, a stranger in London—to whom the Palace itself was a novelty, who had never witnessed it brilliant and busy. You might know him by his flighty anxious manner, his constant questions, his anxiety to comprehend the vanished arrangement. "Ah! so here the crystal fountain stood? And here was the koh-i-noor, and there the silk trophy, and there the palms and tropical trees, and there India, and there the Chinese Empire!" But the vast majority knew these landmarks well; and often you might see a contemplative soul, quietly seated upon a morsel of booth-wreck, and clearly occupied in summoning up before his mind's eye the well-remembered pageant visible from the spot. The east end organ would sometimes for a moment rouse him by its familiar notes; but the close-following clang of the brass band would remind him that he was listening but to a passing hymn.

Seated in such solitary musing, in such a place and beneath such influences—embracing in one view all the great majesty of empty desolation around—might we not imagine ourselves the Last Man, gazing on the chaos of a bygone world. Where now were all the cities and the palaces, the villages, and the busy places of the earth—where the kingdoms, with their boundaries, their laws, their habits, and their rulers? This desolate place was England; that desolate waste was France. No fear now of wars or clashing interests. No difference now between the white cliffs of Grinez and the white cliffs of Dover. There was the Austrian frontier—a waste now on both sides. No difficulty in slipping across it, or even across the grim boundary of all the Russias. No custom-houses, no passports, no garrisons, no national flags; mere earth, monotonous earth; and the names of Russia, or Austria, or France, or Britain—nicknames, breaths of empty air, symbols which have lost their value, bubbles which have burst!

A strange, dreamy notion to think of Europe so vanished, and only the earth on which Europe had been, left—a collection of rocks and mould, and clay and stones, in no way different from the rocks, mould, clay, and stones of Asia or America. Yet this is what on its own scale one sees in the Crystal Palace. A collection of boards and iron pillars, and a sky of glass; none of the boards or the pillars differing, and the glass sky monotonously the same. Nothing more is left of the vanished world. Search for Greece, Spain, Russia, America, for New Zealand and Bombay, for Birmingham and Manchester, for Paris and Vienna, and you find—boards, iron pillars, and the glass sky. The kingdoms have vanished, the boundaries are extinct, the capitals are raised, and all that is left is the memory of the collocation of the peoples!

How strangely different in their freshness and their hopeful curiosity our feelings one year ago, as all London was panting to be let loose upon the new-created world. How anxious and eagerly speculating crowds hung from morning to night round the Building, and made wild guesses at the glories within. How the wagons and carts, creaking under their burdens, were scanned and criticised; and how the dribbles of information in the newspapers touching the day to day progress—how Austria was nearly arranged, and how China was quite ready—how Switzerland was perfectly represented, and what a comparatively meagre collection would do duty for the States—how these morsels of diurnal information were greedily swallowed! And then the opening ceremonial. Every one had something to say of it. Would not the Queen go in state? Would not the pageant rival in grandeur a coronation? The most brilliant theoretical replies flew about, and the good public stood higher and higher on its tiptoes. Then how crowded town became; how the railway trains pulled up, loaded with sight-seers—how lodging-house and hotel-keepers anticipated a home California—how the streets became dotted with country groups, going along huddled together, and keeping a sharp look-out for pick-pockets; and how the *élite* of our foreign neighbours, French and German, poured in—moustached and frowning artists, and keen, wide-awake journalists, with all their eyes and their ears open for behoof of their respective *exilions*. And then came the First of May—Queen's weather—the sky one arch of summer blue—the sun bright as that which shines on Naples. London never rose so early as on that May-day morning; never even when the dew was to be gathered and the garlands to be

woven, and the May-pole to be danced round. At an hour when the streets are generally silent and clear, except when market-carts go rumbling by, or the last straggler of the night cabs makes its way like an owl to his hole, streams of gaily-dressed people were pouring westward, and cafileades of vehicles were taking the same direction. Closer and thicker grew the ranks as they progressed to their destination. The trot soon steadied to a walk, and the walk soon collapsed in a dead stop. Piccadilly was all one jam—a hopeless mass of moveless four-wheeled things; so the occupants were fain to get out and join the foot-procession on the *paré*, flowing agreeably and equally on, with no more crowding, pressing, or squabbling than if the good folks were marching to their parish church. It was a sight that May-day morning, to see the English people govern themselves. No surly Chasseurs de Vincennes were there. No masked batteries of artillery quietly built up in by-streets. No parties of ruthless Lancers or Cuirassiers coming down in sudden charges upon the crowd, and driving it and bullying it hither and thither. The usual ceremonial line of the Guards, indeed, marked out the path her Majesty was to take. But we do not count them soldiers in the Continental sense. They are a portion of the pageantry; and we no more believe that they are aught than citizens playing their parts in the ceremony, than we do that the warriors in an Adelphi melodrama, who threaten to shoot the hero, are other than a number of honest supernumeraries earning an honest penny, and entertaining the highest respect for the gentlemanly brigand, or the unfortunate Prince, at whom they level their respectable old flint muskets. The whole scene was one in which truly *l'ordre reignait partout*—order in the English, not the French sense. The utmost stretch of popular license was comprised in the fact that certain small boys climbed into trees, and from them chaffed corpulent policemen, who vainly attempted the ascent in pursuit. Including, however, even this symptom of popular disturbance, the sharp-eyed French journalists had before them a scene which they never saw before, and which they must recross the Channel if they ever wish to see again—a people come to the years of discretion.

And through this multitude passed, amid their triumphant acclamations, the Queen, with her excellent Consort, who was indeed fairly entitled to be called the founder of the feast. And the great gates were flung open, and to the thousands and thousands congregated in the glorious edifice, their senses still dazzled by the gorgeousness of the picture in the midst of which they stood, the long and loud fanfares of the trumpets proclaimed the approach of Royalty—just as in Shakespeare's history-plays we are accustomed to "A flourish of trumpets, enter the King." Need we pause here further to recall the memories of that day's pageantry. They are still fresh in all minds. The Throne, the chairs of State, the circle of ministers, courtiers, and ambassadors, the surrounding multitude of the beauty and the intelligence of the greatest city in the world, all enshrined in a fane the like of which had never before been reared by man. Do we not recollect the moment when the Queen rose to her feet, and all the assemblage rose with her, when she stretched out her hand with a queenly air which befitted, and proclaimed with her own lips that the Exhibition was open; and when on the instant the bands and choirs and organs all burst forth together, their peals drowned, however, in the roar of acclamation which was straight taken up by the crowd outside, and through which could only be faintly heard the thunder of the cannon, and the merry voices of an hundred parish bells!

And now we are told that this great shrine is to fall; and that May, 1852, is to see destroyed what May, 1851, inaugurated. The rumour may be true; but, until it ceases to be a rumour, and takes the palpable shape of a fact, we shall continue to disbelieve it.

IT IS MAY-DAY

"Oh, it is May-day, Nunks!" said the young children; "therefore we will be merry!"

"May-day!" replied the old uncle; "what have I to do with May-day? What has frosty December, or at least wheezy November, with the May of Life? I don't want to meddle with other people's affairs; they've no sympathy with me. What have we, in this land of houses, to do with mossy meads that are daisy-pied, and maypoles, and garlands, and festoons, and wreaths? There is no pole in the Strand now, unless it be the pole of an omnibus. Ah! to be sure, I forgot, we have barbers' poles—and garlanded too; and we have scaffold-poles; and, occasionally, at Greenwich or Camberwell, or somewhere, a greasy pole, that climbing-boys distress themselves ascending, ambitious of mutton and trimmings. Often enough, too, we encounter other greasy poles in our streets, less than four of whom are enough any day to 'make one rude.' If we have any wreaths, they are snow-wreaths; and our garlands and festoons are turned to, or cut in, stone, or cast in iron: these are the only everlasting flowers. It may be all very poetical—if becoming—to talk of rolling in the dew on the mountains on May-day; or of bathing your face in it—I forget which: either way, I have no doubt, the desired object of exciting the bloom in the cheek will be obtained. But the mountain-dew within our reach is but too much bathed in it, and all the year round: there are too many incitements to it; the very vagabond sparrows in our house-eaves cry 'fill up.' What's the use of your talkers and fine writers occupying valuable time rhapsodizing about hazel eyes, and chestnut hair, and all that sort of thing, when it is only natural? I had as fine eyes and hair as any man of my time, but you don't hear me talking about them. (What? like a *Skye terrier*!) Don't be impertinent! I had dimples, too; but you see they've only made wrinkles! and bloom, too; but that has only made me now look vulgarly weather-beaten. Mating time? Nonsense! that applies to birds, not to boys and girls: take care you don't make a check-mate of it, or a *mess-mate*! Maudering in that way about pretty May! I tell you, those hedge-flowers have thorns amongst them. Jack-in-the-Green surrounded with Bloomers! Folly! Whoever heard of such a thing? How could you countenance a fellow making of himself such a jack? Why, didn't you see his ears growing out from the leaves? No, no, rural felicity is incompatible with bricks and fog: posies of lilies and daffydownillies are things that pertain to milkmaids and clodhoppers. Now and then we have bull-rushes in Smithfield, but they are not so pleasant as they are startling. So, there your old uncle won't take his fatted calves, as you call them."

"Ah! Nunks, you were once a young man yourself, and, I've been told, as rich-hearted and merry as any. Now, don't I see a tear in your eye?"

"Stuff and nonsense! And if you do, isn't it because I am ashamed of having been a young fool! Well, well, don't be vexed: I don't want to make you old before your time: it will be soon enough when it comes, God knows! Off with you, then, to your mirth—off to Greenwich—off to Richmond—away from the smoke and the roar of wheels. Don't believe that the old chap doesn't hail summer again—donning instead of the white, the green. What has become of those gondolas you were so enthusiastic about? They should have had their steam up or May morn! Ah! all in good time. Then away with ye: take as much heaven on earth as you can find; and the more you find, the better for it. Ah, you rogue! if I were young again, I would show you the way to spell 'opportunity!'"

"Hurrah! Isn't uncle wondrous young for his years!—going to cast his wisdom teeth, I declare!"

It is May-day—be 'oyful!

M F

MUSICAL REVIEWS.

GOTTFRIED WEBER'S THEORY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION. Robert Cocks and Co.

Gottfried Weber, the celebrated writer on the theory of music, was born at Freinsheim, in Rhenish Bavaria, in 1779, and died at the baths of Kreuznach, in 1839. The composer of the "Der Freischütz," Carl Maria Weber, bore no relationship to the distinguished theorist, who was educated at Mannheim, and studied the law at Heidelberg and Göttingen. Like his father he obtained a highly honourable position in the magistrature, after great success at the bar. He was a judge at Mayence and Darmstadt; for his labours in preparing a new civil and criminal code for the Grand Duchy he obtained in 1832 the post of Attorney-General at the Supreme Court of Cassation. Gottfried Weber was not only famed as a jurist, but he gained glory as a composer, and, above all, as a writer on the theory of music, although, like Sir John Hawkins, only educated as an amateur. It was in reading the contradictory systems of Vogler, of Marburg, of Kernberger, and other theorists, that Weber conceived the notion of giving to the world a work on the laws and rules of composition which should be eminently practical, taking as his basis the scores of the great masters for analysis and illustration. Three editions of his work were rapidly circulated throughout Germany; and, notwithstanding the strong opposition displayed by other theorists to some of the principles laid down by Weber, his production still remains one of the best class-books extant. The author was elected member of the majority of the European musical academies, besides the orders and decorations he received in his own country. Mr. James Warner, of the United States, having translated Weber's great work, Mr. John Bishop, of Cheltenham, has edited a very superior edition, issued by Cocks and Co., supplying many gaps which the American translator had left in the version of the German original. This will be a very useful and valuable publication for this country, containing as it does general musical instruction for the earliest beginner, and important doctrines for the guidance of the most advanced students. The classification of the subjects is clear; the division and arrangement of the rules and laws, from the first general idea of musical sound, up to the last hints for practical exercise in pure composition, are admirable. The chapter on "The Modulatory Structure of a Piece of Music, taken as a Whole," is a masterly essay. Weber charms the reader by his freedom from bigotry and pedantic intolerance. "Art," he remarks, "is free, ought to be, and does not tolerate admeasurement of its limits by rod and chain." The publishers have produced Weber's work with typographical clearness and elegance. It may perhaps be hereafter a question for the editor whether an abridged edition, at a cheap price, would not be of infinite service for the masses; in the meanwhile this treatise ought to be in the hands of every professor, and of every amateur desirous of acquiring a lucid and comprehensive analysis of the theory of musical composition.

CONCERTO IN D MINOR for the PIANOFORTE, with full Orchestra, by SILAS; SONATA for the PIANOFORTE, by SILAS, Cramer, Beale, and Co.

The fame of the youthful composer from Holland is spreading by degrees in this country. His pianoforte pieces prepared the way for the name of Silas to be heard in the drawingroom. His trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello commanded the serious attention of the admirers of classic chamber composition, and now he has come boldly before the world in the highest range of musical imaginings—the ideal sonata and the colossal concerto. In all M. Silas's works as yet the pianoforte is the leading instrument; but if his pretensions in this category assume the highest grade in art, then will the essays at opera and oratorio follow in due course. The youthful writer is now going through the ordinary ordeal to which genius must be exposed; namely, his compositions have met with ridicule, neglect, coldness, and indifference, just as those of Beethoven and Mendelssohn experienced on their first introduction in this country. As usual, it is from the professional portion of the community that Silas encounters the most bitter opposition. It is, indeed, well for art progress in this world, that there is a musical public to judge dispassionately new works—to give the reins to imagination and fancy, and to treat with sovereign contempt the flat of autocrat artists, despite of their insolent affectation of superior wisdom, and of their attempted monopoly of judgment and taste. Honest, independent, and unrestrained enthusiasm have many a time and oft defeated the dictates of the "big wig" of the profession, as in the memorable instances of the Beethoven symphonies and posthumous quartets, and of the Weber and Meyerbeer operatic productions; and, if we are not egregiously mistaken, there will be much recantation, sooner or later, in respect to the works of Silas. Like everything that is new, the hearer has to become habituated to the style; but he is brimfull of ideas—he has had the courage to combat conventionalities, he has the gift of originating novel forms, he is creative as well as imaginative, and evidently endowed with profound knowledge of the mechanism of his art. Of the concerto before us, the proper period for technical analysis will present itself when heard in public with the orchestral accessories; such a work cannot be judged definitively from simply hearing it played over at the pianoforte. In the laying out of his subjects, variety, novelty, and striking contrast are the chief characteristics. The theme of the first movement is remarkable: the scherzo strikes us as being altogether new, and amazingly exhilarating; and the finale is large and vigorous. The sonata is less pretentious in design and treatment than the concerto, confined as its proportions are to one instrument. Perhaps familiarity with its intentions may dispel an impression of dryness in the details, but it is utterly impossible not to be deeply impressed with the facile invention and rare skill of the young composer; the adagio is full of charm, and the allegro finale in two-four time brilliant and impulsive. Taking the sonata and concerto in connexion with Mr. Silas's trio; and his preceding fugitive pieces for the pianoforte, every impartial observer must come to the conclusion that the highest order of musical capacity and intellect has been developed in his style, and his future will be watched with deep interest. The advent of an aspirant as the successor to the great classic celebrities is too rare an occurrence to be treated lightly; but if Silas be gifted to the extent of what his admirers (amongst whom we enrol ourselves) believe, then will he have nothing to fear. No tomahawking diatribes, no professional prejudices, no artistic bigotry and jealousy can prevent his final triumph, if the aspirations of Silas be based on the eternal principles of truth in art, novelty of idea, and classic perfection of form and treatment.

VOCAL PIECES.

VOCAL EXOTICS. Edited by Mr. Bartholomew: R. W. Ollivier. "All Hail to the Magyar." Arranged by L. Stoffregen: R. W. Ollivier. "The Sister's Wedding." By G. Linley: Idem. "Hither Come." By G. Linley: Cramer, Beale, and Co. "Chorale." Arranged by R. J. Meade, M.A.: J. N. Novello. "I love to sing when I am sad." By Ann B. Spratt: C. Jeffreys.

"Vocal Exotics" are a selection of the songs of various nations, written and adapted by W. Bartholomew. The number before us is C. Freyer's "Jedem das Seine," a sprightly melody in two-four time. Schaeffer's Hungarian national song has been translated by Mr. S. Hickson, and well arranged by Herr Stoffregen. Mr. Linley's two songs are worthy of his reputation; the words of the "Sister's Wedding" are by L. E. L. The chorale is sung by the native pupils of Sawyerpuram, in South India; Mr. Meade has written English words, and nicely harmonized the subject. The profits of this publication are to be given to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the Jubilee Fund, and the proposed new church of Sawyerpuram. The song of Miss A. Spratt is a pleasant ditty.

DANCE MUSIC.

THE PETREL WALTZES. By A. H. Dendy: J. C. Jones. "The Bright Stars," and "Rezia." By Julius Wittenberg: D'Almaine and Co. "Olivia." By L. F. A. Frelon: R. W. Ollivier. "The Koh-i-Noor Quadrilles." By F. T. Dawson: J. Shepherd.

Mr. Dendy's waltzes are a set of six, published with or without cornet accompaniment. The introduction is graceful; the figures are ingenious, if not novel; and the time is distinctly marked. Mr. Wittenberg has an ear for effect, if not very original in his tunes; the "Rezia Schottische" is the most striking. "Olivia" is styled "valse elegante," and it is not a misnomer. We cannot record that the quadrilles of Mr. Dawson are a gem, like their title, but there is merit in his compositions.



THE LAST PROMENADE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE SQUANDERS OF CASTLE SQUANDER.*

In our Supplement of the 31st of January last, we brought down this story of Irish extravagance and misery to the departure of the youngest and only respectable male scion of the house of Squander from those paternal halls where intemperance and debauchery were almost the sole lessons that were placed before him. The progress and conclusion of the work are now before us, in the two handsome volumes which have been issued from the office of the "Illustrated London Library" and the "National Library." Mr. Carleton writes with a strong hand—as strong and unsparing as his purpose, which is to lay bare, under the thin disguise of a contemporary fiction, the real truth which lies at the bottom of all the miseries of Ireland—miseries that by no means afflict the peasantry alone, but that descend from the very highest to the very lowest classes. The virtues and the vices of the Irish character are before the world. The deep tragedy that walks side by side with mirth, as if the two were sworn brothers; the pathos and the jollity; the recklessness for good or for evil, and that will crack a skull or save a life in frolic—all these things have been told again and again; but no one has told them with more vigour and truthfulness than Mr. Carleton. Ireland with all its multifarious faults, wrongs, and miseries—with all its laughter and tears, all its vengeance and its endurance, all its sportiveness and blood-thirstiness—is daguerrotyped in his pages. The reader is painfully aware as he proceeds, that he who has written thoroughly knew his subject; and hopes with him, that from his merciless portraiture the good intended by its author will result; and that Ireland, now paying the penalty of national as well as of private wrongs, may be purified and healed in the process; that she will learn how to distinguish her friends from her enemies, and draw from affliction, almost too heavy to be borne, the wisdom that may atone for and remedy all. Whether the portraiture drawn by Mr. Carleton be not somewhat too truthful, if such an expression can be allowed, and whether he has not told some things which it would have been better to have left untold, rather than to have shocked the ears of a nice-minded and clean-tongued generation, we shall not now pause to inquire. Tastes will differ upon this point; and as Mr. Carleton's book partakes to some extent of the character of an anatomical operation performed upon Irish society, he and his friendly critics may plead that to the lancet and the scalpel, scientifically applied, there is no impropriety or indecency. But, leaving that point as one with which we have no concern, we shall endeavour to give a general idea of this remarkable story.

We have not space to detail the various steps by which the Squanders of Castle Squander, under the guidance or misguidance of old Squander and his hopeful sons, reached, with open eyes, the precipice of ruin; nor to show how, at last, they rushed over it; nor to dwell upon the lighter episodes with which the tragic incidents of their fate have been contrasted and accompanied by the author. We shall, however, take up the story at the point which it had reached in our Number of the 31st of January, and give as fair a summary of the whole as our space will allow. We select, in preference, those passages which illustrate most forcibly the social condition both of the owners and the occupiers of that ill-fated soil, referring the reader who is interested in the minor details of the story, to the volumes themselves.

Hitherto (says the author) we had seen the modes and habits of life which characterised the Squander family in what may be considered the palmy days of their prosperity; that is to say, at a period when they knew nothing of those close and pungent struggles which approach the domestic hearth, and affect their personal comfort and means of life. Mr. Squander's liberation from prison—to which his extravagance ultimately consigned him—was brought about at a very seasonable moment; for if he had remained there but another week, such a multitude of detainees would have been laid upon him, that he might in all probability have closed his existence, like many others, within its walls. The greater portion of his property we may say, as a matter of course, had been a long time in Chancery, and was placed under different receivers. At the period to which we have now arrived, a very inconsiderable fragment of it was under his own control; and, indeed, harsh and oppressive and rapacious as was the conduct of these men, we question whether the tenants located upon this portion of it, would not have been better off had they also had to do only with receivers.

Mr. Squander had scarcely been a week at home, when certain suspicious-looking strangers were observed in the neighbourhood, and many of them seen to lurk about the house itself. Vigilance and caution had now, however, become the order of the day, and of the night also. The surrounding tenants were all warned to be on the look out for the advent of such persons, and at once to report the fact at the castle in the first place, and next to take such steps as to cause their sudden disappearance from the country. The lodge-gate was not only kept locked, but two of the most desperate and unscrupulous fellows on the property were placed in it night and day, as a guard of observation, for the duties of which they were qualified by plenty of arms and ammunition. Mr. Squander, now and henceforth a prisoner in his own house, was forced, by the solitary and secluded life which he felt himself compelled to lead, to look back, with what feelings we shall leave our readers to guess, upon the profligate extravagance of his past career, as well as to feel its consequences in his present confinement, and, what was still worse, as they impended over himself and his family. This condition of existence was not at all calculated to improve his temper, or to preserve his natural and boisterous cheerfulness. The man had never been in the habit of thinking. His whole life had been a turbulent flow of coarse and sensual enjoyment, unchecked by one moment's reflection as to the end and object of his being, or the duties which his position imposed upon him, whether they affected himself or others. Need we feel surprised, then, that, without a single resource, drawn either from a sense of religion or moral feeling, he turned to that stimulus which was calculated, by its pernicious but grateful influence, to enable him, under such circumstances, to grasp at the feverish but exhausting antidote to care and memory, and the gloomy anticipations which hung over him. This was the fact. Brandy and whiskey-punch, early and noon-day grog, were now the sources of artificial consolation and hollow fortitude on which he fell back and depended. And yet the man was not naturally a bad man; neither was he a good man. Although generous and profuse, he possessed not one spark of charity nor sympathy with the wants and distresses and sufferings of his poorer fellow-creatures. If, for instance, he met a young male of good looks and appearance, who scrupled not to enter into a bantering match with him, and return jest for jest, no matter how ribald or coarse the quality, he would not hesitate to throw her a handful of silver, as a reward for her unfeminine want of modesty; but if he met an unhappy mother with a string of wretched and shivering children at her heels, and perhaps a sick infant lying against her cold and unsheltered bosom, who so loud in his invective against imposture

or mendicancy? who so stern a moralist against the houseless poor? who such a political economist upon such topics as involved the necessity and the justice of the wealthy to contribute from their abundance to the relief of popular destitution? We need not dwell upon this. We are certain that the points will be at once recognised, by our Irish readers at least, as those which constitute the staple character of the majority of Irish landlords.

Mr. Squander's temper now became not only irksome to himself, but also very painful and trying to his family. Sometimes he ventured out to the garden well guarded, either by himself and his sons or his servants—our orders being to shoot any person who should attempt either to serve him with a writ or arrest him. Occasionally he took a walk in the avenue, and if it happened that any unfortunate stranger looked through the gate, or made a moment's delay opposite it, there were instantly half-a-dozen pistols and a blunderbuss or two levelled at him, and he immediately took to his heels, amidst the shouts and execrations of the body-guard, as well as of the old man himself, who would shake his cane at him, and send the inoffensive individual, the Court of Chancery, and the Lord Chancellor himself, all to a certain warm establishment, which we need not mention.

This state of affairs was anything but comfortable, and Mr. Squander found that it was necessary to take some steps to reduce his style of living within his means, or at least as near them as he could. His two sons were a burthen upon him, and yet they could not bear the notion of having their expenses curtailed, or of appearing in the world with their usual dash and style diminished. Something, however, must be done, inasmuch as their family income now could not be expended in such a manner as that one pound should discharge the functions of ten. The circumstance, it is true, of the old Squire's being on his keeping, did not signify much in that part of the country, because there were, in point of fact, a sufficient number of the gentry to keep him in countenance. But still it was felt that something must be done, and that too very quickly. The establishment had not yet been reduced, and the servants besides were becoming clamorous for their wages. The prodigality of food and liquor had disappeared, and the licentious indulgence, waste, and profligacy of the kitchen had received a gradual but sure check, a check, indeed, which called up a vast deal of virtuous indignation in that quarter, and which suggested to them the necessity of asserting *en masse* the rights of servitude against the injustice and oppression of that vile, Whiggish principle—retrenchment. Now, at this very critical period, it so happened that Mr. Squander had made his mind up for a step beyond mere retrenchment, and this step was reduction, and a consequent dismissal of a great number of the useless and saucy drones who had always robbed him, and were even then eating him out of house and home.

We have said Mr. Squander was a prisoner in his own house; and this is true. Sometimes, however, he took heart of grace and ventured out, always accompanied, however, by a pretty strong body-guard, well armed—principally consisting of his two sons, myself, and three or four stout and resolute tenants. Poor man, this was a great relief to him, especially when attending the neighbouring races, or the Ballyscamper hounds. Not an occasion occurred of the kind, it is true, on which there was not from one to half-a-dozen bailiffs after him. If, however, to feast their eyes upon him might be considered a gratification, they undoubtedly enjoyed it; but there their satisfaction rested. To attempt serving him with a writ—much less the fearful hazard of an arrest—was what none of them, aware as they were of the hatred which animated the people against all law proceedings, would any more think of doing than he would deliberately put his head into a heated furnace. Nay, their very disguises, in point of ingenuity and effect, were such as could scarcely be equalled on any stage in Europe, and it was only by the peculiarity of their movements that they were known. Sometimes, a simple-looking farmer, dressed in comfortable frieze, and apparently well to do in the world, would keep dodging about the Squire, as he was often called, and narrowing the circle, or diminishing the distance between himself and his object by such imperceptible degrees, that the secret was at once discovered. On such occasions some one of us put his finger in his mouth, and, giving a loud, ear-piercing, fierce whistle, called out at the top of his voice "Ware hawk!" after which a dozen pistols were out, the caps or flints looked to, and in an instant, two or three individuals approached the farmer, who kept gradually withdrawing—his pace accelerating as he went along—until at length he fairly fled at the top of his speed, and was seldom indeed he got off without what is called a shirtful of sore bones, and that by strangers of whom he knew nothing, and who had only got a mere hint of his purpose.

On such occasions as these I was found to be very useful. My father having been a bailiff, attached to the Dublin courts, before he was engaged to act in that capacity for Mr. Squander, had related so many anecdotes connected with the difficulty of arresting the southern and western gentry—the latter especially—that there was scarcely a metamorphosis or manœuvre connected with the craft which had not been familiar to me. Two or three of those which occurred to Mr. Squander I will now mention.

One day in the year 1831, I think, the land-steward was out near a young shrubbery, when he detected a countryman, dressed in tattered frieze, and without a shoe or stocking, trimming a young oak sapling into a cudgel. The moment the man saw him he hastily threw the sapling aside, and took to his heels. The steward, however, who was a young, active fellow, pursued him at an extremely rapid pace, and by the force of strong running overtook and made a prisoner of him.

"Come, my good fellow," said he, "come along to where you were cutting the sapling—I will teach you to come into another man's property and destroy his young timber."

"Ah, thin, shir, fwoth the aake o' your fwadher and mudher's sows, an' have compuncti-on on me this wast—do, good gintleman—do, a yinnousle—I'm but a poor boy, shir, that was making preparations fwoth the faction fwight at Ballyboulteen Fair on next Winsday [Wednesday]—do, good gintleman, an' may ever hair on your head become a mould candle to light you into glory! Amen, a chierna!"

"What's your name?"

"I'm wan Barney Muckleswag, shir—a son o' my fwadher's, sir—ould Jimmy, the tacher [thatcher], and of Molly Nabanahin, my mudher, sir, God rest both their sows! Will you let me go; an', shir, 'tis a harmless boy I am; an' if I could only crack Barney Cullinan's skull in, so as to give him his gruel widout puttin' it down his throat, my conscience 'ud be aisy, an' I'd sleep contented, glory be to Gad!"

"Worse and worse, you scoundrel. So, in order to take away another man's life, you come into Mr. Squander's oak shrubbery and cut down his timber. Come, my fine fellow, where did you throw that same sapling I saw with you? You and it must both appear before Mr. Squander, who, you know well, is a magistrate. Jog on, I tell you, till we get the sapling."

"Ah, thin, gud gintleman—for sure 'tis in your fwadher the gudness is—have compassion and resolution on a poor harmless boy this blessed day that's in it. Do, a yinnousle [gentleman]; do, arounneen [my dear]; and may Gad condinn your soul to ivelstin' happiness and reprobation, as he will I fwoth. Do, shir; an' let the poor boy aff, shir. I was never in but only hoveer times, shir. 'Twas parjury was aginst me, shir. They shwore that I put a kindyl [candle] to Major Hennessy's bastack, shir, an' me as innocent as St. Judas himself, shir; but they fwailed, an' I came out fair an' clane, glory be to Gad. An' what's moreover, shir, I'm fhwastin' widout a bit or sup since Tuesday last. Oh, sweet Jesus! if I had only a moult!"

Here he became desperately pathetic, and wept bitterly at the calamity into which he had fallen.

"Ha!" exclaimed the steward, "I see what a customer I've got; but no matter, trot along, my worthy—not a word now—I'm flint—adamant—so spare your breath."

He then led him along until they had reached the spot where the sapling lay—a frightful weapon—which the steward immediately took up, after which they directed their steps to the Castle. "My good fellow," said the steward, as they went along, "I suppose you are right well aware that for some time past our young oak timber has been cut down and stolen, for purposes similar to yours; and as we have been on the look-out for the culprits, and as we have found you in the act, you may take my word for it that you'll soon make your fifth visit to the stone jug. You have been in four times you say; and don't you know, now, that four and one make five, all the world over?"

Grief, deep, vehement, and loud, prevented the detected thief from making any reply, and in the course of about a quarter of an hour

they arrived at the Castle, the prisoner crying at the top of his lungs as he ascended the hall steps in the firm grip of his captor.

A knock of confidence and business, accompanied by a hasty ring at the bell, gave indication that the master was wanted to attend to something earnest and pressing in his magisterial capacity. I was up in Master Tom's room at the time, where, indeed, I spent a good many hours every day, and some of the pleasantest to which my memory can now look back. Mr. Squander, as usual, was in the front parlour, and hearing the steward's voice, knew that there could be no danger; he accordingly threw up the window, and, looking out, asked what was the matter.

"A scoundrel, sir, that I caught cutting down one of the young oaks in Craton's nursery."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Squander, "have you pounced upon one of the villains at last? I'm very glad of it; bring him round here to the window."

Now the parlour windows of the castle were not more than four feet from the ground; but it is necessary to state, that, for the purpose of protecting both person and property, they had been powerfully secured by strong removable bars of iron, which were laid aside every day, or at least whilst no particular apprehension of writ or arrest existed.

"You have caught the scoundrel in the act?" asked his master, throwing up the window.

"I have caught him in the act, sir," he replied, "and here is the sapling."

In the meantime the unfortunate vagabond was howling with the most outrageous grief; indeed so loud was it, and so apparently heart-rending, that Tom and I were startled at its violence, and raised the windows that we might understand the nature of what was going forward. On looking down we saw the fellow on his two knees, with his hands up, in an attitude of the most abject supplication towards Mr. Squander, whilst the steward was pointing to the fatal sapling as a testimony against the thief. The window from which I looked, commanded a full view of the lodge and entrance gate, outside which I saw a servant in livery, mounted and leading a saddled horse by the bridle. On listening for a moment I understood the whole thing at once. The young oak shrubbery had been cut down in hundreds, to such an extent, in fact, that rewards had been offered for the apprehension of the delinquents, but hitherto without effect.

"We must commit him," said Mr. Squander. "Lodge informations, Moore; I am glad we have caught one of them."

"Certainly, sir," replied the steward; "there is the proof against him, and a hell of a weapon it is," he added, throwing it on the ground.

"Ah, you scoundrel!" said the magistrate, "I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the face."

"Ah, thin, your haner, it's I that ought to blush if I'd be ashamed to look you in the fwaice, for in troth it's it that's the jintlemanly, good face, an' it's your haner's fwoore bones' that has the open an' generous hand, the hand, shir, that was ever an' awlways good for givin', the devil, by all accounts, for gettin'; and in regard, your worthy haner, that it's open now," he added, starting to his feet, and clapping a writ into it, "jist take this, shir, it's a true copy, and here's the original; and now you're served."

He had no sooner uttered these words, than he whipped up the sapling, and with one blow of it tumbled the unsuspecting steward upon the steps, exclaiming, as he did it, "that sapling, my good fellow, was never grown in your nursery; I brought it with me." After which he bounded away like a buck, dropped from the wall near the lodge, which was banked up inside nearly to the top; mounted one of the horses, and ere many minutes was completely beyond reach of pursuit.

This man was one of three brothers who acted as bailiffs only in cases of difficulty, but we need hardly say that in Ireland these cases of difficulty were so numerous, that it was no easy matter to succeed in securing the services of these brothers. They never undertook a capture under fifty pounds, but this was the minimum. Cases have frequently occurred where the reward amounted sometimes to one, and not unfrequently to five hundred pounds. In the case in question no earthly being could avoid being taken in. The character of the low-minced, wavering, but vindictive scoundrel, was so ably sustained, that suspicion would have been beyond the range of human caution.

One would imagine that manœuvres of this kind would sharpen a man against the very possibility of being outwitted. There are no bounds, however, to natural ingenuity; and as a case that exhibited as grave and ludicrous a piece of invention as ever was played off on any man, occurred some months after that already recorded, we shall relate it here.

At that period it was usual—for what reason it is difficult to account, unless to obstruct the course of public justice—it was usual, we say, to remove the police from one district to another, just when they had been long enough in any one locality to make themselves acquainted with its state and condition, with the peaceable and ill-disposed, and, in fact, with all the bad and suspicious characters in it. This very sapient piece of policy has, we are glad to know, been since relinquished, but, at all events, it was the practice at the period of which we are now writing. So many attempts had been already made to serve Mr. Squander with writs, as well as to arrest him, that the strictest orders were given to allow no man near the house unless he were well known, with the exception only of the police, whose uniform was a sufficient passport for their admittance to the lodge, and consequently to the Castle. A few days previous to the incident we are about to relate, a dreadful murder had been committed in the neighbouring county, and, as a natural consequence, the police were everywhere on the alert. One evening, therefore, pretty late, in fact nearly dusk, a policeman, accompanied by a person who was evidently a prisoner, made his appearance and knocked at the hall-door. The magistrate on hearing the knock immediately gave the word "Ware hawk!" and accordingly old Nogher Nult, the butler, opened the window and asked what was the matter.

"I want Mr. Squander," replied the policeman, "to back a warrant. It is about Mr. McGregor, the Scotch steward's murder, and I have a prisoner on suspicion."

"Wait there," replied Nogher, "and I will tell the master."

Mr. Squander having heard the circumstances thus briefly, sent Nogher back to desire the policeman to stand on the hall steps with the prisoner fast in custody, for he declared to God there was no knowing but that the policeman himself might have been taken in, and the supposed murderer nothing but a cursed bailiff in disguise. The policeman replied, that being only a stranger in the neighbourhood, he had not been aware that Mr. Squander was in any apprehension of arrest; but pledged himself that he would not allow the prisoner to approach him or to go near the window at all.

The magistrate accordingly came to the window on the strength of this assurance, and as usual threw it up.

The policeman on seeing him, put his hand to his cap, saying, by way of respectful inquiry, "Mr. Squander, sir?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Squander. What's the matter?"

"I have arrested a man, sir, who, according to the *Hue and Cry*, corresponds to the description of McGregor's murderer, and I wish your worship to back the warrant. I have reason to think he is connected with that, or something suspicious, at all events."

"You are one of the new police, are you?"

"Yes, your worship. I suppose you are aware that we only arrived at Ballyscamper Station the day before yesterday; and as you were the nearest magistrate, sir, I came to you, as was my duty."

"Very right, policeman; very right. But as to that scoundrel, your prisoner, you don't know what he may be—stop a moment. Here, Nogher, go and hold that fellow that the policeman has prisoner, until I back the warrant."

The unfortunate prisoner appeared to be thunderstruck. "Why," said he, addressing Nogher, who had seized him, "devil the like of this ever was heard. Amn't I one of his honour's tenants; and this blaguard policeman met me only a little below the lodge?"

"Why, man o' Moses!" exclaimed Nogher, "is this Mat Brennan?"

"Devil a other; but what that fellow manes by taking me into custody I cannot understand. Be the livin' mortal, I have a great notion to give him his head in his fist. Devil resave the foot he'd have brought me here, only that I was comin', at all events, to pay my rent."

The policeman, in the meantime, went to the window, and, after a few words upon the topic of the murder, with which he seemed to have been well acquainted, handed up the warrant to Mr. Squander.

* By William Carleton, Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "The Black Prophet," &c. Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON LIBRARY, 227, Strand, London.

"That's the writ," sir, said he, "a true copy: and here's the original. You're duly served." And having uttered these words, he bounded away at the top of his speed, reached the wall as before, mounted his horse—for it was the same individual who had cut the sapling—and in a few minutes was out of sight.

The third and last "service" which we shall relate was also executed through the unconscious instrumentality of a policeman. The town of Bally-Squander was not more than a quarter of a mile distant from the Castle. It was what is called a *half-town*; or, as the humorous Dr. Twigg, a shrewd, clever, good-looking little fellow, full of kindness and humanity, who wore an outside coat, somewhat like our present Chesterfield, with his hands easily stuck in the pockets of it—as he, we say, once called it, a *profile*—for, in point of fact, there was only a string of houses on one side, and a wall, behind which stood the empty and unoccupied palace (if a rich bishop, on the other; so that the *half-town* might be said to resemble a half-face, or *profile*, as aforesaid. Be this as it may, there came to market on the day in question, which was Saturday, a strolling vagabond, who had a card-table, on which lay a pack of old greasy cards, which he shuffled about with great dexterity, challenging the country folks, as they came around him, to take a hand and try their luck, for any sum from sixpence a game to a pound. Human nature—the desire of wealth—the tendency to win it by short cuts, is as strong among the humble and vulgar, as it is among the high and educated.

A shrewd, warm-looking countryman put down a shilling, and having cut for deal, he won it. The game commenced, and it appeared for some time that the latter had fortune at his finger's ends. He won almost every game, and from a shilling it rose to five shillings a game, when the owner of the table stopped, and said he would play no more. The countryman insisted he should go on; the bystanders supported him, and with great reluctance the gambler resumed the play. His opponent, already confident in his own run of good luck, increased the stakes, but, in the course of a little time, Fortune, as she frequently does, shifted to the other side. The countryman now became desperate, double the stakes, lost his coolness, and, as a natural consequence, lost his luck. In short, he was cleaned out; but so ungovernable became his temper under this change of fortune, that on finding all his money gone—somewhat about fifteen pounds—he raised his fist and knocked the gambler down. Now, it so happened that there were a couple of policemen looking on all the while; but before they had time to interfere, the countryman struck his opponent three or four blows, by which the poor devil was desperately cut; so severely, indeed, that the blood was flowing in torrents from his mouth and nose. In cases of this kind, the country people always stand by each other; at least, in this case they did. The unfortunate gambler's table was torn into fragments, his cards flung into the street; and were it not that the policemen interfered, he would himself have been still more severely punished. On seeing the "authorities" present, he immediately charged his brutal assailant, and requested to be brought before a magistrate. The policemen, having been present, and witnessed the assault and violence, could not refuse to take the charge, and in consequence both were brought before Mr. Squander, who lived nearest to the spot. This occurred about two o'clock in the day. Mr. Squander, on the occasion in question, knew the policeman, which in a great degree eased his mind, and gave him a good deal of confidence. Having come to the window, which he raised, "Harricks," said he, addressing the sergeant, "what is this? You know my situation, and must have heard how I have been done by affairs of this nature. Keep these two men off till I hear the whole circumstance. What is it?"

Harricks, who, with his companion, had witnessed all that we have narrated, now gave him a full detail of what had happened, which, by the way, was so natural, that the very devil of suspicion could not have felt alarm.

"Here, Harricks," said he, "it is all right; the matter was a chance affair, the result of ill-luck on behalf of the countryman. I understand his feelings well, and curse him if I much blame him. We cannot violate the law, however; but, at all events, bring them down to the window here, and let us hear what they have to say for themselves." This being complied with, and the parties placed before him, he asked—

"What is this? A gambling transaction, eh? Who is the plaintiff?"

"I am, sir," replied a shrewd-looking, keen fellow, with a thin face, like that of a Presbyterian from the north of Ireland.

"And what's your charge against him?"

"Look at my face, sir. Look at my mouth and nose, and you need scarcely ask that. He first won from me, sir, till he left me only five shillings; a then wanted to stop, but he insisted that a should play on. Well, a did so; and a won—and when he found he had no more money, deil be from my saul, but he struck and abused me, as you see."

"What have you to say to this, my good fellow?" asked the magistrate.

The countryman gave his whole body an immense shrug, and, scratching the top of his head with his two fingers, replied—

"It was foul play of the villain, your honour. Can you deny, you blaggard o' the universe, that you reneged Con Roe (the ace of hearts) to my Five fingers?"

"A do deny it—it's your own case you're tellin'."

"Oh, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John protect us! Did any one ever hear the like o' this? Didn't I get the last trick when we were down for the twenty-five shillings, wid the Earl o' Cork? Didn't I, you schamin' vagabone?"

"What do you mean by the Earl of Cork?" asked Mr. Squander.

"Why, sir, I had two tricks and the lead for the third. Well and good. I led the Earl o' Cork, and he had nothing but the ten o' clubs."

"But what do you mean by the Earl of Cork?"

"The ace o' diamonds, your honour. It's the worst ace and the worst card in the pack, and is called the Earl o' Cork because he's the poorest nobleman in Ireland."

"That's all a cursed lie," replied the gambler; "an' besides, your honour, a was licked beikaise a'm an Orangeman—a true blue, your honour—that hates Pope and Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes. As for this blaggard, he knows nothing about the Earl o' Cork; but if you'd wish to see him, sir, here he is as large as life," handing a printed paper to Mr. Squander—"there's the Earl o' Cork, sir, a true copy, and this is the original. Com', Ned, the horses are ready."

It is unnecessary to say that these were two of the celebrated Donnellies—for such, in fact, was their name—and that the horses were ready outside the lodge, to carry them beyond the reach of pursuit, which they did.

"Now these (says Mr. Carleton) are not cases of fiction, wrought up into fulsome and impossible extravagance, in order to create a laugh. On the contrary, they are facts which have actually occurred."

The death of old Mr. Squander, and of the aristocratic Mrs. Squander, and the career of extravagance of the eldest son, in which he was zealously assisted by his brother, are incidents all powerfully told. But how the young men hoped, at one time, to retrieve their desperate fortunes on the turf, and at another by the exercise of political influence, and by the possession of a seat in Parliament, all of which involved them successively in still greater pecuniary embarrassment than that from which they so madly struggled to be relieved, will be found at full length in the volumes themselves. Any attempt to convey a notion of these incidents by a mere summary of the events would fail to impress the reader with the merits of Mr. Carleton's treatment of the subject. The following, however, which describes what is, even now that the country is half depopulated, a common occurrence, will speak for itself:—

The morning of the day on which we went to commence the work of extermination was bitter and cold. All the regular and legal steps had been in due and proper course taken, and nothing remained but the expulsion of the unhappy people. But before I proceed further, I must make this business a little better understood. Ever since the election, Harry had exhibited, by his conduct, a dark and vindictive feeling against certain tenants upon the Five Townlands who had sufficient independence to vote against him. Though vindictive, however, he was not without caution, and on this occasion he was aided and instructed by "Greasy Pockets." In his case there were two principles

combined, both of which were calculated from their nature to operate against the unfortunate tenantry. The first was that of the public class, to which he belonged—because, although only acting for his brother, I consider him in the capacity of a landlord—by which I mean the determination, at all risks, to clear and consolidate the property. This he held in common with almost all other landlords; but it did not involve any personal feeling of ill-will against the tenant beyond that which necessarily resulted from the act itself, and drove the unfortunate men to ruin. Many such men have cleared their property—frequently with regret, I admit—but in every case from a principle which they conceived to be only an act of justice to themselves, and a step essentially necessary to save their property from destruction. In addition to this, as I have said, Harry entertained a principle of personal enmity against a number of the voters alluded to, which was pretty well known to originate from their unmanageable recusancy at the election. Here, then, were two motives in existence; one upon what was considered by the landlord as the undoubted exercise of his public right; and the other upon a matter of private and vindictive feeling.

"Greasy Pockets" had written to persons in England and Scotland, to look out for intelligent agriculturists with sufficient capital for the management of large farms; and at this period several conditional offers from such individuals had been made. As yet, however, the lands in question had neither been seen nor examined by the strangers; and now we shall proceed with the business of that melancholy day.

The morning, as we said, was cold and bitter, and ere we had been long out it began to rain. In this remorseless campaign against the poor, those who conducted it experienced no principle of combined and public resistance as was the case in what was called the Tithe Rebellion. This patient submission to the law of the land infused a character into such proceedings that was calculated to smite almost any heart except those which were engaged in them, and reminded one of the calm and unresisting heroism with which the primitive Christians endured the persecutions of martyrdom. It is true there were exceptions, in which nature and the original impulse of self-preservation attempted to assert their rights as well as they could; but in no country on the face of the earth was there ever witnessed such a pitiable mass of unresisting misery subjected to a tyranny which no humane man would inflict upon the dog of his enemy.

At length we reached the first village in which our political engine of death was to commence its operations. I had never yet witnessed anything of the kind, and I felt as if the act we were about to commit was actually one of sacrilege and murder combined. I knew there was no necessity for my presence, but Harry, who was so perfectly aware of the state of the country, with his usual caution insisted that "Greasy Pockets" and myself should accompany him, in order that the odium of the act, by being divided, as it were, between three of us, should be the less likely to fall heavily on himself. This was like him; but with all his cunning he miscalculated the sense and shrewdness of the people, as will be seen before we conclude.

In the first house we came to there was none sick, or, as far as we could see, ailing of any complaint. The family consisted of a man aged about sixty, whose countenance must have been naturally placid, if not mirthful, in earlier and better days. At present, however, the expression of deep care and dread of what was to take place, together with a knowledge of the consequences to him and his family, spoke so plainly, so pathetically, of the domestic desolation which had come upon him and them, that I actually looked at Harry to make myself certain whether after all he had been in earnest in this proceeding, and that it was only his intention to give these persons a good wholesome fright, and let it end there. How with a human heart in his bosom he could turn that old man out who had lived, himself and his ancestors, so long upon the family property, was a matter to which I could scarcely lend my assent. His wife was much about his own age, and most of the family which resided with them were females. There were three of the latter and two boys, somewhat younger, one about the age of twelve, the other about eight. The girls were fresh, modest-looking creatures, and their mother, though now, like her husband, worn and pale, had yet about her a decent and comely look. I saw at once, from the appearance of the whole family, that the proceedings of this day were considered by them as hopelessly and irretrievably ruinous to them all. They trembled, as I could see by their arms and hands, by their parched and colourless lips, and the tears which no effort could suppress, and as I could hear by their deep sighs and the hopeless tones of their low and hollow voices, which could only with difficulty be lifted into anything of a sustained conversation. Even this, however, I could bear, but the looks with which they surveyed each other, so full of despair, so indescribably woe-begone, so full of the tumultuous expression of misery, so conscious of the want of friend or protector—terror, too, and that awful and impenetrable darkness of the future which lay before them, through all of which glanced the beautiful light of domestic tenderness and affection rarely to be witnessed in any other country—this, I say, I could not bear. When I saw how this calamity was deepened and aggravated by such a communion between these loving hearts and tearful eyes, I felt a sense of injustice that almost turned my sympathy into madness, and prompted me to drag the aggressive villain out of the house and trample him under my feet.

The reader will doubtless anticipate the incident, which in the natural evolution of the story will arise from the scene, the details of which we have quoted. It is told in Mr. Carleton's best manner:—

We have said that Harry Squander, by some manoeuvre peculiar to the turf, got three hundred pounds. His brother suggested to him the propriety and decency of purchasing some furniture, and returning that which Dr. McClure had so kindly lent them. Harry, however, only laughed at the suggestion; for being quite a politician in matters of property, if not a projector, he was, to say the truth, perpetually devising some scheme or other that he thought calculated to extricate small portions of the family property. Many of these schemes were not very creditable either to his head or his heart, their stupidity having having been exceeded only by their villainy. Seeing, however, that the process of eviction was rapidly extending, he felt that he ought to urge his brother Dick "to clear," as it is termed. To tell the truth, poor Dick, like his father, wished to lead an easy careless life, and to enjoy himself as far as was in his power. At present, however, he was very much broken down, and refused to lend himself to Harry's heartless project of extermination.

"Besides, Harry," said he, "how can we consolidate, when you know that we have no control over our own property. I question, if it were sold to-morrow, whether it would meet the heavy load of incumbrances that are on it."

"No matter," replied Harry; "do you leave the affair to me, and I will contrive to make something out of it. You don't look into your own affairs, Dick. You do nothing but swill whiskey punch."

"Look into my own affairs, Harry! Upon my soul I would rather look into hell; as to the whiskey punch, it it were not for it I should go mad. Look at the condition to which we are reduced—paupers upon a property of twelve thousand per annum! Our miserable circumstances and distress are notorious; and I do assure you, Harry, that whatever you may think, it is anything but a consolation to me to reflect, that the landlords of the country are in general gone nearly as far to the devil as we are."

"There is one man," replied Harry, "who has squatted upon our property. I put him out before, and let it cost me what it will, now that I have some cash, I will banish him. The scoundrel grumbled, and I think means me mischief. I shall put him out of the country, if I can; but, at all events, he shall not remain upon our property."

"My property, Harry; but who is the man?"

"Father to that unfortunate girl that died, as I told you."

"Harry," replied his brother, "I beg of you to pause before you proceed farther in this business. I think, if you look back upon your own conduct to that man and his daughter, that you ought to make him and his compensation, rather than pursue him with the vengeance of a devil, which I sometimes am inclined to think you must be. If, as you say, that man meditates mischief against you, I tell you that if the devil were at your elbow, anxious to drive you to your own destruction, you could not take a better course than to persecute him as you have done. Be advised by me; if the man has run up a shed upon a common, why, in God's name, let him and his live there as well as they can. Under present circumstances, now that

famine and disease are desolating the land, it would be cruel and inhuman to turn him and his family out upon the world. Besides, Harry, to tell you the truth, I will not permit it. The man and his family must remain in their little place, because I understand that at present they are in circumstances of the greatest distress."

Harry made no reply, but went out of the room indulging in a contemptuous and meditative whistle—I forget the tune; but at all events for a day or two he was silent upon the subject. In the meantime he secretly persisted in his purpose; and so anxious was he to effect it, that he spoke to several of the tenantry whom he wished to take a part in levelling the unfortunate man's cabin. It has been said that there is no person so vindictive as he who inflicts the injury, and on this occasion it would seem that the apophthegm was correct. A day was privately appointed by Harry, on which the poor man's cabin was to be levelled to the earth; and as he had no legal authority to eject him, it remained for the man and his family merely to consider whether they were to be crushed to death by the falling roof and walls, or to give up possession and procure a shelter for themselves wherever they could.

In the meantime Harry, who, as we have said, had long ago fallen back into his original habits of intemperance, resolved to give a dinner at the Castle Squander Hotel, to a number of his acquaintances and co-leagues of the turf. This was upon the day previous to that appointed for the demolition of the poor man's cabin. Having informed our readers of so much, we must go back a couple of days, that is, to the market-day of Castle Squander, and request them to follow us into a small public-house in the north end of the street, where two men were sitting with half a pint of whiskey before them. One of them spoke as follows:—

"I might have overlooked the disgrace he brought upon our name—yours as well as mine, for she was your niece, Matthew, your sister's daughter, and the child that I loved beyond any human creature on this earth. I say I might have forgiven even that, although it was hard to do so; but when he came to our house and place and hauled us out—even his own child that was dying—I swore an oath to myself that I would have his blood for all. Well, time went on, and I began to think it was wrong to keep such an oath to a man who had punished himself as he did by the murder of his child, and I let him pass. I will leave him, said I, to God. So I would, too; but what is the case? he is coming on Wednesday to pull down the poor *bahog* (hut) that I built as a shelter for us, and he swears that he will banish me and mine out o' the country. Now, the heart o' man can't stand this, Matthew; so, as you are her uncle—or was her uncle—you must do this for me."

"I'll do it; but he always goes armed."

"That won't signify; the blunderbuss is true and safe. He's givin' a dinner on Tuesday in the Castle Squander Arms; you can watch behind the hedge at the entrance gate, where you know the road that leads to it is narrow, and there take him. I will go home now and get sick; I will have five or six of the neighbours about me until the mornin' after the affair is over, and as he can't suspect you, I will be able to prove that I was ill in my bed when the thing was done. Put the blunderbuss where I showed you, and all the peblers and polis out of heel will never be able to find it. When the job's complete you can cross the country, without touchin' at the roads, until you get home—what signifies thirteen miles?—and after that let them do their best. I will have plenty of witnesses to prove that I didn't do it."

It was so arranged; the men finished their liquor, and in a few minutes left the house.

Neither Dick nor I went to the dinner. The brothers were estranged in consequence of a variety of matters arising from Harry's conduct. It is true that he got in five and twenty gallons of whiskey, and a corresponding portion of lump sugar, but he refused to pay the bills either of the butcher or the baker, who, if they had been settled with, would, for the sake of the former rank and respectability of the family, have once more given them credit; and this ungenerous and selfish refusal on his part reduced us to great straits.

The dinner, however, came off, but not before Harry was obliged to place in the hands of the hotel-keeper a sum supposed necessary to cover the expenses. He had tricked that worthy man more than once before, and on this occasion the latter flatly refused to provide a dinner unless paid in advance. Something was due to Dick's word, although not much, but nothing at all to Harry's.

Neither Dick nor I felt surprised at his not returning on that night. He had remained frequently out before, and there was nothing calculated to alarm either of us upon the present occasion. They took it for granted they had made a d-bauch of it, and that such of them as were incapable of going home had a bed in the hotel—Harry among the rest. Early the next morning, however, we were both alarmed by a loud and tremendous knocking at the hall door. Dick met me on the lobby in the act of going to seek him.

"What the devil is this?" said he. "Some new dodge of these bailiffs. Don't be in a hurry, Randy—take your time—the thing is a ruse. Go down to the parlour, open the window and look out; I will not appear. Yes, it's a new dodge—the alarm principle—it was by that that Dick Blake was trapped. Be cautious."

The violent knocking still continued, and we now heard loud voices upon the steps of the hall-door. I felt alarmed, and so I could perceive did Dick, who got quite pale.

"What can it be?" said he. "These loud voices are the voices of terror and alarm. Good Good! Harry did not come home last night! I begin now to have dreadful apprehensions. Open the window, for God's sake, and see what it means."

I need scarcely say that our apprehensions were mutual; I felt a presentiment as if something were wrong—as if some calamity had occurred—and I could not help associating it with Harry. At all events I went down to the parlour, opened the window, and looked out.

"What is the matter?" I asked, "and why do you keep knocking at the door with such violence, disturbing the family?"

"Death's the matter," replied the old gate-porter; "Mr. Harry's murdered."

Dick, who had come down after me to the parlour, heard the words distinctly; and now putting his head out of the window learned the whole circumstances, so far as the poor people knew them. Harry's body was found within about fifty yards of his own gate, in a narrow part of the road that led to it, pierced by eight or nine bullets and slugs, more than one of which had penetrated his heart, so that his death must have been instantaneous.

His brother seemed struck as if with paralysis, and sat down incapable of uttering a word.

"This is dreadful," said I; "what can I say to you?"

"Nothing," he replied, "nothing; the ruin and desolation of the family are now complete. Where is his body? Great God! he that was in the prime of life and health only yesterday evening."

When a murder takes place in Ireland, the common people do not feel themselves justified in removing the body until an inquest is held on it; however, on this occasion, I desired them to bring his remains home, whilst I and Dick accompanied them. We found him lying across the road, with his arms extended, and his legs drawn up a little, as if by a death-spasm. We marked the spot where he lay, and in a few minutes his corpse was placed upon a table, with a pillow under his head, until the coroner should be sent for, and an inquest held.

Not the slightest trace, however, was discovered of the murderer at the inquest. All was dark, mysterious, and impenetrable. It came to light, however, subsequently. The man whom Harry had evicted, and whose daughter he had seduced, died of fever in about a month afterwards, but he died in a state of stupor, and was incapable of making any confession. The actual murderer did not survive him more than six weeks, but on his death-bed he disclosed the circumstances of the murder, for which he seemed extremely penitent. He died in the poor-house, and nothing could exceed the extraordinary remorse and agony which distracted him until he breathed his last.

Thus fell Harry Squander, by the hand of a man whom he had never knowingly injured and whom he had never seen. Such, however, is the usage in Ireland.

We have quoted sufficient to show, not only the main incidents of the story, but the powerful manner of the author in describing them; and must refer the reader who wishes to know more of the subject of Ireland than he can glean from a thousand newspapers and Parliamentary Blue Books, to these two small volumes. It is not the most agreeable of novels; but to many readers, the "stern stuff" of which it is composed will recommend it for higher uses than those of amusement.

THE NEWEST FABLE OF HANS C. ANDERSEN; "THERE IS A DIFFERENCE."

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY THE REV. E. FLOOD-WOODMAN.

It was in the month of May: the wind blew quite cold, but spring was coming; the bushes and trees, the gardens and fields alike proclaimed that. There was a profusion of flowers everywhere, even on the hedges, and thus the spring plainly spoke for itself; but especially from a small apple-tree, which had but a single branch, from a small apple-tree, and covered with the finest rose-red blossoms, just at the point of opening. It knew very well how beautiful it was; that was evident in every leaf; and hence it was not at all surprised when a lordly carriage stopped by the roadside, and when the young Countess said, "This branch is the most beautiful which has ever been seen. It is spring itself in its fairest manifestations."

So the branch was broken off, and she carried it in her soft hand and screened it with her silk parasol as she drove to the castle, where there were high halls and stately chambers; clean white curtains fluttered before the open windows, and beautiful flowers stood in lustrous transparent vases; in one of which, it looked as if it were cut out of fresh-fallen snow, the Apple-blossom Branch was placed, among young and sweet flowers. It was quite a treat to see it.

And then was the Branch so proud—but that was just like human nature!

Soon there came people of different sorts through the chamber, and those who could do so ventured to express their admiration. One saw nothing at all in it, and another saw too much; until the Apple-branch perceived that there were differences between men as among plants. "Some are for show and others for use, and there are even some who would not be missed," thought the Branch, who was now placed at the open window, where he could look into the garden, and also into the fields. There were plants and flowers enough for him to contemplate and to reflect upon; there were the rich and the poor—some were, indeed, very poor. "Poor banished plants!" said the Apple-branch; "there does, indeed, exist a difference! How unhappy you must feel, if, indeed, your class can at all feel, as I and my companions can—there is, indeed, a difference made, but that is quite right, since all cannot be equal." And the Apple-branch looked with a significant pity, particularly on a clump of flowers which grew in great plenty in the fields and hedges. "No one binds you together for nosegays—you are too common; any one can find you, shooting up between the paving-stones, like the noxious weeds; and, besides, you have such an ugly name—Dandelion." "Poor despised things," said the Apple-branch, "you cannot help it that you are what you are, that you are so common, and have such a reputation. For it is with plants as with men—differences must exist."

"A difference," said the Sunbeam, as he kissed the Apple-branch, but also kissed the yellow dandelions outside in the field, while at the same moment the Sunbeams' brothers kissed them—the poor as well as the rich.

The Apple-branch had never pondered over the infinite love of the dear Lord for everything which lives and moves. He had never once reflected how much beauty and goodness may be concealed, but yet is not forgotten. But this was just like human nature too.

The Sunbeam, the ray of heavenly light, knew better. "Thou canst not see far; thou canst not see aright! Which is the banished plant thou pitiest so?" "The Dandelion," said the Blossom-branch; "no one gathers them for nosegays; people trample them down; there are too many of them; and when they cast their seed, it flies about here and there like short cut wool, and hangs on people's clothes. It is only a weed, but that it cannot help, I am only thankful that I am not such a thing."

Just at this moment there came into the field a whole troop of children; the least of them was so very, very little, that it had to be carried in the arms of another; and as it was placed on the grass among the yellow flowers it laughed for joy, stretched its little limbs out, and rolled about, plucking the yellow blooms and kissing them in sweet innocence. The bigger children broke the flowers from the green stem and bent their stems, end to end, together, until they formed a complete chain, which they hung over their necks and shoulders and round the body. There was, indeed, a splendid show of green rings and chains. But the biggest children carried cautiously the plants which had flowered by the stem, which bore the feathery seed-crown—those light airy wool-blossoms which so resemble a little work of art, composed of finest feathers, fluffs, and down, and then held them to their mouths, and with a breath blew them away. "Whoever could do it completely would have new clothes before the year was out," so the Grandmother said.

The despised flower was a true prophet on that occasion.

"Dost thou see," said the Sunbeam, "its beauty and its charm?"

"Yes, for children," said the Apple-branch.

Then there came out into the field an old woman, and began to grub with her blunt knife, without a handle, at the roots of the dandelions, and to pick them up; some of the roots she could make tea from, and others she could sell to the chemist for medicine.

"Beauty is yet more esteemed," said the Apple-branch. "Only the elect may enter the kingdom of the Beautiful. There is a difference between plants as there is among men."

Then the Sunbeam spoke of the infinite love of God for all his creatures, and of the equal distribution of all in time and eternity.

"Yes, that may be your opinion," said the Apple-branch.

At this moment the young Countess came into the room, who had placed the Apple-branch so nicely in the crystal vase, where the sunbeams shone, carrying a flower, or whatever it was, concealed under three or four large leaves, and wrapped round with paper, so that no breath of wind could injure it. The Apple-branch even had never been treated so carefully! Whatever could it be?

Very tenderly were the large leaves removed; and lo! the fine downy seed-crown of the despised Dandelion appeared. After all it was this which the Countess so cautiously had picked and so gently carried, lest a single feather-pillar should be blown away, which composed its cloud-figure. Fortunately it had remained in good condition and quite perfect, so that the Countess could not help admiring its lovely form and airy figure, its peculiar composition and its beauty, which the wind could so soon destroy. "Only look," said she, "how wonderfully God has made it! I will paint it together with the Apple-blossom, which every one admires so much; but yet this poor flower has received quite as much from the loving God, although in another style. There is a

With a cat, leaping, downward cast,
Thou'rt the queen on death's redoubt;
And thou with three Gulls, Peace, and Quiet,
Share Fate, that oft with gods doth diet,
And dwells upon the Mounting a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.—*Il Penseroso*.

Hence loathed Melancholy.

MAY IN IRELAND.

The Maypole never appears to have been in general use in Ireland, and is evidently of English introduction. In Connaught it is unknown; and even those places where it obtained most repute in other parts of the country were generally English settlements, as in Westmeath, where it was constantly to be found, as described by Sir H. Peira in "Vallancy's Collectanea."

The only authorised pole now standing which we know of is at Holly-wood, near Belfast, where it is used to bear the orange-and-blue flags and streamers on the 12th of July, equally with the flower-decked hoops and green garlands of the 1st of May. When we last saw it, it was decorated with miniature ships, emblematic of the calling of the villagers. There formerly existed one at Mountmellick, which was applied to a similar purpose; but that which stood upon the mall at Downpatrick some thirty years ago was one of the most celebrated in Ireland.

Among the rites and ceremonies which attached to this latter was one somewhat similar to the privilege assumed, if not granted, under the Christmas mistletoe in England. Whenever a lady appeared in the vicinity of the Maypole, or went to visit the revels upon Downpatrick mall on May-day, she was liable to be asked by any of the tradesmen present to take a turn round the pole, and, at the end of the dance, if her partner was so inclined, they concluded with a kiss. The omission of the latter part of the ceremony was often purchased with a bribe. A milk-offering used in former times to be made at the foot of the Maypole.

The two Dublin Maypoles were erected outside the city. One of these stood in the centre of Harold's-cross Green, and existed within the memory of some of the present generation. After its decay, an old withered poplar supplied its place for many years; and so recently as the year 1836, the publicans of the village erected a Maypole, decorated it, and gave a number of prizes, in order to collect an assemblage of the people, by restoring the ancient festivities. The chief Maypole of Dublin, however, was erected at the pretty suburban village of Finglas, to the north of the city, near the Glasnevin Botanic Gardens, a spot which combines the most delicious sylvan scenery with the charm of the associations connected with the names of Swift, Addison, Tickel, Delany, and in our own day of our distinguished fellow-citizen Dr. Walsh. Here it stood until within the last few years—a very tall, smooth pole, like the mast of a vessel, and upon every Easter Monday it was painted white and encircled with a red and blue spiral stripe like a barber's pole. In latter years, at least, it was not decorated with floral hoops and garlands like the usual English Maypole, but was well soaped from top to bottom in order to render it the more difficult to climb; and to its top were attached, in succession, the different prizes, consisting generally of a pair of leather breeches, a hat, or an old pinchbeck watch.

The May boys and morris-dancers went their rounds, particularly in Connaught and Munster, even so late as within the last twenty years. They consisted of a dozen or two of the "cleanest and most likely" boys in the vicinity, who took off their coats, and decorated themselves with garlands, ribbons, and silk handkerchiefs of the brightest colours, generally furnished them by their sweethearts, who vied with each other in dressing their lovers to the greatest advantage. One of the most effeminate of the number was dressed in female attire as Queen of the May (in the country parts we never heard of a girl having acted the part); a king or captain was appointed, as also a spokesman, who repeated the rhymes; a treasurer carried the money-box, and a fool or devil (like that of the wren-boys and mummers at Christmas), a sort of "Lord of Misrule," cleared the way, frightened the children, bespattered the crowd, uttered the broad rustic jokes current among the people at that time, and capered for the general amusement. This person wore a sort of loose garment, covered with many-coloured shreds and patches of cloth and rags tacked to it; a large, brimless hat, with the front of it formed into a hideous mask, came down over his head; a row of projecting pieces of stick, made to resemble teeth, surrounded the mouth; a piece of goatskin formed the beard, and the eyeholes were surrounded by circles of red cloth. To the back of it was fastened a dried hare's skin. In his hand he carried a long wattle, to which an inflated bladder was attached, and a very formidable weapon it was, particularly against the women and children.—*Irish Popular Superstitions. By W. R. Wilde.*



"L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO."—PAINTED FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, BY J. C. HORSLEY.

great difference between them, but both are children of the kingdom of beauty."

And the Sunbeam kissed the poor flower, and at the same instant kissed the Apple-blossom-branch, whose leaves in consequence were seen to blush.

"L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO."—BY J. HORSLEY.

HORSLEY'S picture of "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso" was one of last year's exhibition at the Royal Academy; but it possesses merit sufficient to ensure more than an ephemeral renown. It was painted for his Royal Highness Prince Albert. The passage seized by the artist is the well-known lines:—

Hence vain deluding joys.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure;
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait.

Forget thyself to marble, till

CORA. A MAY LEGEND OF SOMERSETSHIRE.

A YOUNG and spiritual girl, whose whole nature has become tintured with the exquisite beauties surrounding her in a country retreat, lives with her father, whose life, one May-moon night, passes away in so sleep-like a manner, that his child, deeming he slumbers, wanders forth into the woods, and, straying into a mystic dell, is there transformed by certain flower-elves and fairies into a spirit of the night. Such, in brief, is the substance of a Poem written by Mr. Sydney Whiting, somewhat German in its character, and full of elegant fancy and tender poetic colouring. The accompanying Engraving represents the heroine of the legend, which we have copied from a pastel-drawing in the possession of the author. As a specimen of the poem we can only find room for the following extract:

Within this dell a different atmosphere
Is breathed by Spirits of the moonlit air.
Now they are seen, and then anon they fade,
And all seems motionless within the glade;
And then again the rays the outline take
Of mortal form, which suddenly will break
In dancing light again; and all around
Swells harmony, till gradually the sound
Subsides to merely moving of the trees,
And plaintive whisperings of the scented breeze.
The tiny forms of fairy beings play,
And hang in clusters on the May-moon's ray;
Or float upon some perfume passing by,
With folded pinions resting lazily.
Anon within the crimson cavern of a bnd
Some elfish band will sink in listless mood;
And closing up the leafy curtains of the flower
Remain embosom'd for an idle hour.

And see! amidst the brightness falls a shade,
Some mortal's wander'd to the fairy glade;
And yet must purer be than mortals are,
Or like that sudden quenching of the star
That's lost from Heaven in the abyss of air,
Would ev'ry elf and spirit disappear.
But, though 'tis Cora's shadow dims the spot,
Yet the immortal forms are frightened not;
With sweet bewilderment the air she feels
Press round her form, and o'er her senses steals
Oblivion of the past: but, as it fades,
In lieu a mystic lore her mind pervades;
What erst appear'd but common to her view,
Now wears a diff'rent shape, a stranger hue.

She sees the 'flow'rets' dewdrops are eld'n springs
Bubbling from leafy cups; their eld'n wings
Laved in the sparkling drops, and then the gems
Cling to their forms like fairy diadems.
She feels that light becomes incorporate,



"CORA."—DRAWN BY ANDRE.

And mingles with her form, while odours wait
To claim their share in the creating sprite;
And as she grows attenuate and light,
On Cora's form no more the air can press,
But folds a spirit in its sweet caress.

Then is the scene all animate again;
No form that loves the night now dare remain
Enconceal'd in cradling flowers—no spirit rest,
While all are with a kindred spirit bless'd.
Nor do they wish—the music of each wing

Makes glad the air, the joyful fluttering
Bids ev'ry odour choicest incense pour;
The glad some flow'rets give their richest store,
The dew-drops glisten more intensely bright,
For CORA IS A SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT!

E'en to this day the cottage may be seen,
But almost hidden from the passer's view;
For Time has robed it in a garb of green:
Now climbs the ivy, where the roses grew:
And peasants speak of how the old man died,
And how that night his only child was lost;
And that in grief they sought her near and wide;
But vain the search, and vain the tears it cost.
They tell the tale with reverentia fear,
That, though the cot remains unoccupied,
Soft sounds at even-time still hover near:
And, though the stranger will the tale deride,
Yet some avow they recognise the sound—
The same sweet melancholy sound they say,
That once had call'd the village band around.
To deck the maidens with the buds of May.
Strange stories have they all, and each one tells
The tale with fresh tradition of his own;
But all agree, each May the vesper bells
Send forth a musical yet plaintive tone,
More softly than if peal'd by village hands,
More sweetly than their notes o'er spoke before;
And then the home-returning peasant stands,
With wond'ring pleasure till the sounds be o'er.
But, whatso'er the truth, the place is dear
To all who know the legend of the spot;
And e'en the poorest rustic will forbear
To break the charm, to occupy the cot;
He will not even touch a tree or flower
And lets in wilderness climb the creeping bands;
And thus the cottage, to this very hour,
A loved memorial of tradition stands.

"FREE COMPANIONS."—BY J. W. GLASS.

"FREE COMPANIONS," by J. W. Glass, in the National Institution of the Fine Arts, is a clever and effective picture, representing a troop of soldiers of fortune on a march at eventide. The landscape is wild and romantic in aspect, as suits their wild life; the group is thrown skilfully across the picture from the back to the foreground. The various faces are full of varied character and admirable spirit, realizing the burthen of the old song—

Across the moor, across the lea,
We follow him, whose'er he be,
Whose sword's eye ready, hand as free—
A fig for fame, we fight for thee.
Sing hey! for our jollie companie!



"FREE COMPANIONS."—PAINTED BY J. W. GLASS.—EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION, PORTLAND GALLERY.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

LITERATURE AND ROMANCE OF NORTHERN EUROPE; constituting a complete history of the literature of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, &c. By WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT. 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co. 1852.

That England, though "a wise child," does not know its own father, is clearly shown by the plainest reference to historical evidence. There is no country in the whole world, not excepting France, in which people are as easily led away by sonorous phrases as our own. Our very adjectives prove this; and that class of persons who may be verily said to live and thrive, not by "knowing themselves," according to the counsel of the Greek sage, but by knowing others, have, instinctively, at all times, availed themselves of this national weakness, to facilitate the chances of enterprise, or to gild the hopes of speculation. Gargias of Leontium would have been charmed with the well-turned and magnificent designations of the schemes, mineral or not, which are daily announced as deserving the attention and support of the moneyed part of our community. But it is chiefly where the terms thus cast loose amongst us have the appearance and form of embodying some well-considered generality, that they obtain the widest currency and the most durable adhesion.

The egotism which (strangely mingled with fine bursts of benevolence and charity) is one of the prevailing characteristics of the age has this effect—that most people, except where each is occupied with his own peculiar pursuits, refuse and shun the labour of thinking for themselves. Hardly one man in thirty but talks his particular newspaper; and the press has been truly, though somewhat bitterly, styled the great thinking machine of the country. No man, or hardly any man, works out true ideas for his own mind, save in what concerns his material interests as an individual. A ready-made thought, like a ready-made hat, has a wide demand. The division of labour and the economy of time are principles wise in themselves, but carried by the mass of us into folly and idleness; since we insist upon having manufacturers of general notions for us, and, though not venturing so to call them, yet virtually using them as a profession apart. To use the fruits of the labours of this profession is a convenience; but to admit that it was, as it is, a real profession, would be a stultification of all who were not freemen of its noble citizenship.

Thus, then, in brief, it happens that when once a compendious corollary-seeming phrase is launched, it stills the Babylonish tumult of small guesses and crude chat, and becomes, as the French would say, if not *un fait accompli*, at least an *aperçu reconnu*. Among these phrases is the term "Anglo-Saxon race." "We are not an Anglo-Saxon race," says Mr. Howitt; and we thoroughly agree with him in this view. We are not a "German island" (*Deutsche Insel*). The English are Scandinavian to the back-bone. But are they not a good deal Norman? The Normans were, also, to the back bone Scandinavian. "But were not the ancient Saxon English conquered by the Danes?" And what, even to this day, gives the Danes that extraordinary advantage which the whole world has recently witnessed and admired over the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein, though backed by the armed support of one of the five great powers, and by the enthusiasm of sympathizing Germany? But have not the Romans and the Britons left traces in our blood? The Romans, as every one knows, can have had but small influence upon an island so long emancipated from their occupation—an occupation which was ever too haughty to become a fusion with the native race. The native race, indeed, has been judiciously indestructible amongst us, and wears leeks on St. David's Day. But the Saxons conquered them; and the Saxons were first conquered by the Scandinavian Danes, and then by the Scandinavian Northmen, the successors of the great Rolf-vinger.

"It is not, perhaps," as Mr. Howitt remarks, "so much an overwhelming number of the Northmen, as the new spirit they brought with them, that mixed them with and changed the social elements of the countries they settled in. A spark will set fire to a city if it find stuff to kindle. This stuff was in human nature."

Mr. Howitt elsewhere most justly says:—"If ever the child was father to the man, the Scandinavians were the fathers of the English. Indeed, the family likeness is too striking not to be evidence of itself. The lineaments of the parents live in the character of the progeny; the same spirit of commercial enterprise and maritime adventure—invisible on the sea, and the sea a home; the same insatiable curiosity, and inexhaustible expansion of colonization; the same mighty imagination—the scalds living again in our poets; the same martial prowess; the same unconquerable and somewhat stern love of freedom; the same popular institutions, and instinct for harmonious community of action. The same things are not even yet German; but there things have never ceased, even now, to be Scandinavian."

It is not a wild expectation that the poetry and romance of northern Europe should meet with popular acceptance among the English. Out of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark they will never be noticed, if with us they are neglected. But they are not. Even the modern, the contemporary productions of the Danish and Swedish mind, have arrested attention in this country. We know how to appreciate that which Thorvaldson did with the chisel; that which Tegner and Oehlenschläger, and Kvald and Buggesen, and Andersen and Frederika Bremer—some ancient, some modern—have been able to achieve with the pen in both poetry and prose.

We have not space or time to give our readers any full idea of this strange book of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt. It is no bad digest of the entire literature of Scandinavia, from the pagan days, when it was wholly oral, to our own times. Along with this, it is a history of the Scandic race; and, further, it is a clear comprehensive account of the religious and political revolutions of ideas which have occurred in those mighty parent countries; countries which, as they have been prolific in Eddas, have been themselves the Edda of many great races. When we have said this, we have said but little.

The work is one from which no quotation can be made of a nature to do it justice.

In many of his incidental views and opinions, we totally dissent from the author. But he has given us too interesting a work to allow us to use any very qualified language in begging our readers to make its acquaintance.

A SCHOOL ATLAS OF GENERAL AND DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY. By ALAN KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., &c. Blackwood and Co.

Hitherto the atlases of general geography have either been imperfect in their political divisions of countries, or have been so overcrowded with names as to be unfit for the purposes of practical education. To remedy these defects is the object of the present Atlas; the information is brought up to the latest period. We have here distinctness of outline, and unmistakably clear arrangement, land and water being produced from different plates—the latter printed in bright blue, and traceable in the smallest stream through the black shading of the mountain. Again, scales have been adopted for the relative sizes of the countries; corresponding latitudes and meridians of capitals are inserted in the upper borders; and there are other advantages in the production of this Atlas which entitle it to preference for like simplifying the work of teacher and learner. Where so much depends upon the education of the eye, it is important to render all distinctions as striking as possible, which appears to have been most efficiently done in the volume before us.

THE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, and the TRANSACTIONS of the HIGHLAND and AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of SCOTLAND. William Blackwood and Sons: London and Edinburgh.

This well-recognised journal continues to keep pace with the advancing spirit of agriculture. An article "On Climate," of some length, by Mr. Rowlandson, C.E., F.R.S., is a valuable synopsis of the causes which exercise such important influences on farming operations. The philosophical reasons herein given to account for many of the commonly recognised and observed facts are exemplified in an extremely popular manner, and such as it is difficult to misunderstand. In fact, the treatise appears to be written with the special intention of making a difficult subject of facile comprehension by the unlearned. We are glad to see by the concluding paragraph that we are to be favoured with a continuation.

Two papers on "The Feeding Properties of Turnips grown with different Manures," by Mr. W. G. Smith, and by Mr. W. G. Smith, are also sent by Mr. Walter Smith, "On the Comparative Advantages of Fertilising Cattle in Stags, Bents, or Scaes," by Mr. Walter Smith.

SYNOPSIS OF THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTS of SCOTLAND in the MUSEUM of the ROYAL BOTANIC GARDEN at Kew. By Peter Lawson and Sons: Edinburgh.

This valuable work as an agricultural reference may be considered as a continuation of the Great Exhibition. Such of our readers as take a particular interest in the display there made of our British European vegetable productions, will remember the splendid collection of the

vegetable productions of Scotland, exhibited by the publishers of the work under notice. It occupied the greatest space of any single exhibitor; and the plate glass alone cost £200; the total cost to Messrs. Lawson and Sons, for the fittings, &c., being more than £1000, which, with their valuable contents, have been presented to the nation, and are now deposited at Kew.

The present work has been written as a guide and reference to this collection, and as a handbook for the study of British agricultural productions is extremely valuable, and possesses great interest. Its general character may be described by the following quotations from the preface:—"The Synopsis comprises all economic plants indigenous to, and cultivated or cultivable in Scotland, with the exception of those used in medicine, which are contained in a separate volume." It is added, that "Supplements will be issued from time to time in order to keep pace with the introduction of new plants, and to record the results of experiments now in progress."

FINE ARTS.

Sir Edwin Landseer's beautiful picture of "Windeor Castle in the Present Time," the engraving from which, by Atkinson, attracts so many admirers in the showrooms, has been on view for a few days, by permission of her Majesty, at Messrs. Graves and Co., in Pall Mall. Portrait pictures are at all times difficult subjects to deal with, and they are especially so where Royal personages are introduced in their domestic character. In the present instance, Sir E. Landseer has successfully triumphed over the difficulties inseparable from his task, and produced an admirable work; one which, as a picture, is worthy to be placed beside his celebrated "Holton Abbey in the Olden Time," whilst, as containing portraits of our beloved Monarch and her consort, and their eldest child, it must present peculiar points of interest to all loyal Englishmen. The scene represented is an ante-room in Windsor Castle, where Prince Albert, on his return from the sports of the field, is seated, in an easy attitude, upon a sofa, whilst her Majesty, who has just entered the apartment, views with a smile of admiration the spoils of the forest which are scattered about the floor. On the opposite side is the Princess Royal, quite a child (the picture has been painted some years), with her bonnet falling back from her head, holding up with both hands a kingfisher, whose gay plumage has quite captivated her fancy. The artist, whose mastery of pencil is unapproached in this line, absolutely revels in the soft and gaudy details of birds of various feather, and other accompaniments appropriate to the occasion; whilst, in the white satin dress of her Majesty, he has laid on the colours with a breadth and transparency of colouring producing marvellous reality of effect. The general colouring of the other parts of the picture is delicate and harmonious.

The statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, by Mr. M. Noble, intended for erection in the borough of Salford, has been very successfully cast in bronze by Messrs. Moore, Fressance, and Moore, of Gray's Inn-lane. The figure is well treated, and dignified in attitude; the dress is modern, with a classic drapery thrown loosely over it, leaving the right arm partially exposed. The likeness is a good one, and the expression very true to that displayed by the gifted statesman when in the act of addressing the Commons of England upon a question of national importance. Another somewhat smaller statue of the same, being an eight feet figure, is also in process of casting by this firm, from a model also by Mr. Noble, and is intended for Tamworth.

A very excellent cast of Power's "Greek Slave" has been executed by Bruciani for Messrs. Copeland and Co., with the intention of being reproduced in smaller size in their famous parian porcelain. We inspected it some days ago, and can speak favourably of the accuracy of the copy, and the admirable quality of the material in which it has been produced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELL K. CINCINNATI—A view of the Queen City of the West has already appeared in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

H. L. Loughlin and **W. H. W. W.** have not room for the view.

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AMBER, Ayr—The picture in question has not appeared in our Journal.

G. H. M. M. has not room for the view.

A. B. B. B. has not room for the view.

W. G. B. B. has not room for the view.

U. D. B. B. has not room for the view.

E. J. T. B. B. has not room for the view.

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A Column of Old May.

"To do observance to a morn of May."—SHAKESPEARE.



F a grave Londoner of the present day were asked how the Poet's Month is signified in his metropolitan calendar, he would point to the long list of "May Meetings" which are held in Exeter-Hall and elsewhere at this season. There is an undercurrent of "practical comfort and joy" in this mode of commemoration, which far be it from our wish to disturb; it is characteristic of an age of enlightened philanthropy and extended benevolence, and therefore hedged in with a divinity to which we duly bow. It has, however, little in common with the "sprightly May" of our ancestors, who held this gratulation of Spring, this rejoicing at the revival of vegetation, in court and city, as well as in flowery fields:—

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year.
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
DANFORTH.

But this celebration was not merely a rustic sport; such was rather the gathering of the May, wherewith to deck the towns and villages, which Herrick has so quaintly sung:—

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimm'd with trees. See how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn, neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

In "Jolly old London," on May-day, the doors were decorated with flowering branches, and every hat was decked with hawthorn, brought in triumph from the neighbouring fields. Stow thus describes the universality of the custom:—"In the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in Maypoles, with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices, for pastime all day long; and toward the evening they had stage-plays and bondies in the street. These great Mayings and May-games, made by the governors and masters of this city, with the triumphant setting up of the great shaft (a principal Maypole in Cornhill, before the parish church of St. Andrew), therefore called Under-shaft, by means of an insurrection of youths against aliens on May-day, 1517, the 9th of Henry VIII., have not been so freely used as afore." We scarcely need add how this Maypole was hung on iron hooks over the doors and under the "pentices" of Shaft (now Under-shaft) Alley, until 3d King Edward VI., when on St. Stephen, a curate, preaching at Paul's-cross, said that this shaft was made an idol, by naming the church of St. Andrew with the addition of "under-the-shaft." Stow heard this sermon, and describes how the parishioners in the afternoon lifted the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested thirty-two years, sawed it in pieces, "every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house, and they of the alley divided among them so much as had lain over their alley-gate; and by this piece-meal vengeance was the idol mangled and burned."

Westward, in Basing-lane, was another famous Maypole, in Gerard's Hall, which has just been disturbed by the hand of improvement. This pole was pressed into the fabulous story of "The Giant." It was a large fir pole which reached to the roof of the hall, and was said to be "the lusty staff of Gerrard a giant." There was also a ladder of the same length as the pole, and said to have been used to ascend it. Stow treats the story of the giant as "a cluster of lies," and reasonably suggests that "the pole in the hall might be used in old time (as then the custom was in every parish) to be set up in the summer as Maypole, before the principal house in the parish or street, and to stand in the hall before the screen decked with holme and ivy all the feast of Christmas; the ladder serving for the decking of the May-pole and the roof of the hall."

A more celebrated "column of May" was, however, the Maypole which stood on the site of the present church of St. Mary-le-Strand:—

Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand,
But now, so Anne and piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.—POPE.

Here, in 1634, one Captain Bailey established the first stand of hackney-coaches. There is an unauthenticated report current, that the Strand Maypole was set up in the place of an ancient stone cross, by John Charges the farrier, who lived in the Savoy, and was father of Nan Charges, the quondam mistress, and afterwards the wife, of General Monk, and first Duchess of Albemarle. Stow tells us that it was raised by the farrier to commemorate his daughter's good fortune; but it is not certain whether Charges' Maypole stood in the Strand or Drury-lane. It was, however, erected long before this period (1634); but it could not long survive the Puritan ordinance of 1644, even allowing it to have stood till then.

The Restoration of Charles II. proved the signal for the restoration of the Maypole; and on the very first May-day afterwards, a new and very lofty one was raised in the Strand, with great rejoicing and ceremony, of which a very curious account is given in a rare tract, "The City's Loyalty Displayed," 4to., 1661.

Aubrey describes this Maypole as "the most prodigious one for height that perhaps was ever seen: they were faine (I remember) to have the assistance of the seaman's art to elevate it; that which remains (being broken with a high wind, I think about 1672) is but two parts of three of the whole height from the ground, besides what is in the earth. The juvenile and rustic folks at that time had so much of their fullness of desire in this kind, that I think there have been very few set up since."

Pepys, as gay a gallant as ever danced in the ring of pleasure, has left us some traces of May-day customs. He writes in his Diary one day:—"My wife away; down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little air, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner has taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with." He emphatically adds, "I am contented with it."

To return to the Strand Maypole. In the year 1677 a fatal duel was fought under the pole. Early one morning Mr. Robert Percival, second son of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Percival, was found dead under the Maypole, with a deep wound under his left breast; his sword, drawn and bloody, lying beside him. He was the most notorious duellist of his time, and had fought as many duels as he numbered years—nineteen. His antagonist was never discovered, altho great rewards were offered for his apprehension; the only clue was a hat, with a bunch of ribbons in it, suspected to belong to the celebrated Beau Fielding, but it was never traced home to him.

For a livelier scene from the maypole, we turn to Pepys' sprightly Diary.

"1st May, 1667. To Westminster, in the way meeting many milk-maids, with their garlands upon their palls, dancing, with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging-door, in Drury-lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one; she seemed a mighty pretty creature."

Of this really curious scene we borrow a picture from Mr. Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn, and the sayings of Charles II.," corrected and enlarged from the story as originally contributed by him to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1831. Nelly's history is mixed up with so many popular fictions, which have been unwittingly perpetuated in print, that it may be as well to repeat Mr. Cunningham's explanation that his little book "must be read as a serious truth; not as a fiction; as a biography, not as a romance. It hath no other foundation than truth, and will be heard of hereafter only as it adheres to history." The traditions of Nell Gwyn would fill a much larger volume. However, the truths are more strange and interesting than the fiction; and Mr. Cunningham has not failed to surround his frail heroine with the still life as well as the living portraiture of the period, though we never lose sight of charming Nelly, who, as the author tells us, "was living at this time in the fashionable part of Drury-lane, the Strand or Covent garden end; for Drury-lane in the days of Charles II. was inhabited by a very different class of people from those who now occupy it; or, indeed, who have lived in it since the time Gay guarded us from Drury's many courts and dark abodes"—since Pope described it only too truly as peopled by drabs of the lowest character, and by authors

'lulled by soft zephyrs' through the broken pane of a garret window. The upper end, towards St. Giles's Pound and Montague House, had its squalid quarters, like Lewknor's-lane and the Coal-yard, in which, as we have concluded, our Nelly was born; but at the Strand end lived the Earl of Anglesey, long Lord Privy Seal; and the Earls of Clare and Craven, whose names are still perpetuated in Clare Market and Craven-yard. Drury-lane, when Nelly was living there, was a kind of Park-lane of the present day, made up of noblemen's mansions, small houses, inns, and stable-yards. Nor need the similitude be thus restricted; for the Piazza of Covent-garden was then to Drury-lane what Grosvenor-square is at present to Park-lane. Squalid quarters, indeed, have always been near neighbours to lordly localities. When Nelly lodged in Drury-lane, Covent-garden had its Lewknor-lane, and Lincoln's-inn-fields their Whetstone-park.

"Nelly's lodgings were near the lodgings of Lacy the actor, at the top of Maypole-alley—

Where Drury-lane descends into the Strand,

and over against the gate of Craven House. The look-out afforded a peep into a part of Wych-street, and, while standing at the doorway, you could see the far-famed Maypole in the Strand, at the bottom of the alley to which it had lent its name.

"This Maypole, long a conspicuous ornament to the West-end of London, rose to a great height above the surrounding houses, and was surmounted by a crown and vane, with the Royal arms richly gilded. It had been set up again immediately after the Restoration. Great ceremonies attended its erection—twelve picked seamen superintending the tackle, and ancient people clapping their hands and exclaiming, 'Golden days begin to appear!' Nelly must have remembered the erection of the Maypole at the bottom of the lane in which she was born; but there is little save some gable-ends and old timber-fronts near her 'lodgings-door' to assist in carrying the mind back to the days of the Maypole and the merry Monarch whose recall it was designed to commemorate.

"Among the many little domestic incidents perpetuated by Pepys, there are few to which I would sooner have been a witness than the picture he has left us of Nelly standing at her door watching the milk-maids on May-day. This was in 1667, while her recent triumphs on the stage were still fresh at Court, and the obscurity of her birth was a common topic of talk and banter among the less fortunate inhabitants of the lane she lived in. The scene so lightly sketched by Pepys might furnish no unfitting subject for the pencil of Leslie or Macclise—a subject, indeed, which would shine in their hands. That absence of all false pride, that innate love of unaffected nature, and that fondness for the simple sports of the people which the incident exhibits, are characteristics of Nelly from the first moment to the last, following her naturally, and sitting alike easily and gracefully upon her, whether at her humble lodgings in Drury-lane, at her handsome house in Pall-Mall, or even under the gorgeous cornices of Whitehall."

Styrie tells us that the Strand Maypole having grown old and decayed, was, in 1717, obtained of the parish by Sir Isaac Newton, who then lived in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square. The pole was accordingly taken down, conveyed away through the City in a timber-carriage, April 1718, to Wanstead, in Essex, and by leave of Sir Richard Child, Bart., was reared in his park for raising a telescope, the largest in the world, which is elsewhere stated to have belonged to Newton's friend, Mr. Pound, rector of Wanstead, to whom it had been presented by M. Hugon, a French member of the Royal Society; but Styrie states the telescope to have been given by Hugon to the Royal Society, of which Newton was then president.

Our little May garden is nearly at an end; but there is a trace of the "sprightly month" in a very grave place—the Lord Chancellor's Court, where a bouquet of flowers is said to represent the Judge's bough or wand, thus derived from the column of May. We learn from an old pamphlet, that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May-day, and that the column of May, whence our Maypole was the great

standard of justice, in the Ey-commons, or fields. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished unpopular rulers.

The chimney-sweepers, with their dreary gambols and tinselled squalor, have almost monopolised the metropolitan May-day of our times. The reader may recollect that at the north-west angle of Portman-square is



NELL GWYN AT HER LODGINGS DOOR IN DRURY-LANE.—THE MAYPOLE IN THE STRAND, RESTORED.

a spot associated with a May-day festival. The mansion was built for the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, who resided here many years, and whose eccentric benevolence led her to regale the chimney-sweepers of London annually, on the 1st of May, on the lawn in front of the house, with good and wholesome fare, "so that they might enjoy one happy day in the year." We have heard it stated that the festival was given in commemoration of the truant Edward Wortley Montagu having been kidnapped by chimney-sweepers in his abandoned boyhood.

Some years since, it was cleverly remarked (in the *Examiner*) of the grim finery of chimney-sweepers—"What a personification of the times, gilded dirt, slavery, and melancholy, for another penny! Something like celebrations of May-day still loiter in more remote parts of the country, as Cornwall, Devonshire, and Westmoreland; and it is observable that most of the cleverest men of the time come from such quarters, or have otherwise chanced upon some kind of insulation from its more sophisticated commonplaces." Reader, have you the happiness to be of this class?



"DENISE."—FROM LAMARTINE'S "STONE-CUTTER OF ST. POINT."—PAINTED BY O. R. CAMPBELL.

"DENISE."—BY O. R. CAMPBELL.

O. R. CAMPBELL has a clever little study of "Denise," from Lamartine's "Stone-cutter of St. Point," which pleases us by its simplicity and genuine character. The passage particularly referred to in Lamartine's charming romance is the following:—

But I loved her most of all when we went amongst the broom on the mountains to cut fagots for winter, and my brother placed one of them on her back, long as the trunk of a cherry-tree, with all its leaves and flowers at the end, to be cut up on reaching home.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 138, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by WILLIAM LITTLE, 138, Strand above-mentioned.—SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.—SUPPLEMENT.



ENGLISH SONGS & MELODIES.

THE POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY SIR H. R. BISHOP, KNT.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

WORDS OF THE SONGS.

THE SWALLOW AND THE ROBIN.

[Air—"The Carman's Whistle."]

I.

SPRING-TIME music fills the valleys,
Blossoms deck the apple-tree,
Violets peep in forest alleys,—
Gentle Swallow! list to me.
Dipping, curving,
Floating, swerving,
Seek my true love through the bowers;
When thou'st found her, gently tell her,
Love was born 'mid summer flowers.

II.

Wild and bleak the north wind blusters,
Crisp the snow lies on the lea,
Pendent ice-drops fall in clusters,—
Friendly Robin! list to me.
Doubting, flying,
Trusting, prying,
Near her lattice pass thine hours;
Tell her, at her window tapping,
Love shall last through winter showers.

WILD FLOWERS.

[Air—"Gathering Peascods."]

I.

Fair flowerets of the field,
That gem the modest grass,
And peep in woodland bowers;
Fair buds, that ever yield
A pleasure as we pass,
And smile like happy hours,—
Sweet memories ye recall
Of past delights we knew,
Ere toil and grief begun;
Joy haunts ye, one and all,
Ye nurselings of the dew,
And darlings of the sun.

II.

Rose-lipp'd, the daisies tell
Of infantine delight,
When we were pure as they;
Shy violets in the dell
Restore the visions bright
Of youth's unfolding May;
And sweet, with sweeter name,
'The blue "forget-me-not"
Recalls the joy supreme
When life was loving flame,
And hope was passion-fraught,
And sorrow but a dream.

III.

Fair blossoms, ever bloom!
Heaven has its stars above
To light its awful face;
Earth has your sweet perfume,
Your smiles as kind as love,
Your never-failing grace.
Oh, blessings great, though small,
That stir each feeling true,
We love you every one:
Joy dwells amid you all,
Ye nurselings of the dew,
Ye darlings of the sun!

NOTES ON THE MELODIES BY SIR H. R. BISHOP.

THE SWALLOW AND THE ROBIN.

"THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE."—This old tune, arranged with variations by William Bird, is from *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal-Book*; and is also contained in a manuscript collection of Bird's compositions for the virginal, called *Lady Nevill's Music Book*,—a thick folio, the music of which is neatly written by John Baldwine, "a singing-man at Windsor." Baldwine has informed us that his labours in transcribing this volume were "finished and ended the leventh of September, in the year 1601." The carman in the time of Elizabeth may have "whistled as he went for want of thought," but we have no reason to agree in the supposition which has been set forth, that his class in particular possessed

extraordinary musical abilities. Shakspeare, indeed, in his play of *Henry the Fourth*, Part II., makes Falstaff say of Justice Shallow, that "he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scuthed hussies that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights;" and Taylor the Water Poet says, "If the carman's horse be melancholy or dull with hard and heavy labour, then will he, like a kinde piper, whistle him a fit of mirth, to any tune above Eela (E la) to belowe Gammoth" (Gamm' ut). Among these tunes, the one that is entitled "The Carman's Whistle" may have been an especial favourite with the whistling carmen of the

WORDS OF THE SONGS.

WINE AND GLORY.

[AIR—"Young Virgins love Pleasure."]

I.

A FLY on the brink of a tankard was sipping
The rich mantling wave of the ripe Rhenish wine;
"Oh, what are you doing? you rush to your ruin!
Be wise, foolish fly, and to reason incline!"
Thus argued another, carcering in gladness
Around the bright flame of a taper afar,
"All drinking's a folly, and brings melancholy;
Take warning and shun it, lost fly that you are!"

II.

"Behold how a passion more noble should move you—
'Tis Glory alone has a charm in my eyes;
Whatever betide me, its radiance shall guide me;
Good bye, silly toper! and learn to be wise."
Thus saying, he sported his wings for a minute,
Then flew to the light that so tempted his gaze;
But burning his pinions in Glory's dominions,
He fell in the candle, and died in the blaze.

III.

"Alas!" said the fly that was perch'd on the tankard,
"Can aught for the want of self-knowledge atone?
We rail against others, see faults in our brothers,
And blame every folly and vice but our own."
But whether this fly was converted from toping,
Or led a new life, is not easy to say;
But if flies are like drinkers 'mong two-legged thinkers,
'Tis likely he sips the red wine to this day.

THE SILVERY BIRCH.

[AIR—"The Women all tell me I'm false to my Lass."]

I.

ALONE on the slope of the mountain it grew,
And bathed its light tresses in glittering dew;
The bird on its boughs linger'd loving and long,
And the stream at its feet ever murmur'd in song;
It toy'd with the winds, it was happy and free:
Oh! the Silvery Birch was a flourishing Tree.

II.

The lord of the mountain beheld it, and sigh'd
That so lovely a thing in the desert should hide.
"Come down from the wilderness, child of the storm!
And I'll shield from its anger thy delicate form;
I've a garden of pleasure more fitted for thee,
And there thou shalt flourish, my beautiful Tree."

III.

He loosen'd its roots, and convey'd it away,
'To dwell in the bowers with the roses of May;
But it pined for the breezes that roam'd on the hill,
For the fern of the rock, for the voice of the rill;
And drooping forlorn 'mid the pride of the lea,
It died in its grandeur, the beautiful Tree.

COULD WE RECALL DEPARTED JOYS.

[AIR—"Drink to me only with thine Eyes."]

I.

COULD we recall departed joys,
At price of parted pain,
Oh, who that prizes happy hours
Would live his life again?
Such burning tears as once we shed
No pleasure can repay;—
Pass to oblivion, joy and grief!
We're thankful for to-day.

II.

Calm be the current of our lives,
As rivers deep and clear;
Mild be the light upon our path,
To guide us and to cheer.
For streams of joy that burst and foam
May leave their channels dry,
And deadliest lightnings ever flash
The brightest in the sky.

sixteenth century. There is a song (of a somewhat later period) to the tune of "The Carman's Whistle, or Lord Willoughby's March," the words of which begin, "As I abroad was walking." These words, however, are so ill suited to the present tune, that we can hardly conceive they were intended for it.

WILD FLOWERS.

"GATHERING PRASCOBS."—The quaint simplicity of this charming air would be a sufficient testimony of its having been produced by some one of our English composers in the sixteenth century, and probably in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but we do not find any mention of it until a later period. Towards the close of the seventeenth century it was printed in several editions of that very curious and now scarce work entitled *The Dancing-Master*.

WINE AND GLORY.

"YOUNG VIRGINS LOVE PLEASURE."—A song in the fifth volume of Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, and therein stated to be from *The Beggar's Wedding*, a ballad opera that was produced in 1729. The tune, with a few alterations, was used in several other musical pieces of the same period, and is also printed in the first volume of the above *Miscellany*, as adapted to some words of a humorous character, beginning "The spring's a-coming," written by the eccentric Tony Aston for his *Bath Medley*,—a species of entertainment consisting of recitation and song, with which he is said to have visited most of the cities and towns in England.

COULD WE RECALL DEPARTED JOYS.

"DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES."—A remarkably beautiful air. We have no traces whatever of its origin, but its prevailing style at once proclaims the pure English source from whence it has sprung. At the same time,

that very style renders it doubtful whether this melody was the production of any contemporary of Ben Jonson, the author of the words to which, as is supposed, it was first applied, and in association with which it has hitherto been generally known. [The Author, in writing a new song to the air "Drink to me only with thine eyes," hitherto known in connexion with the beautiful verses of Ben Jonson, may be pardoned for stating that his reason for taking such a step—exposing him, as it may do, to the charge of presumption,—is simply to introduce the exquisite melody to a circle of listeners who have hitherto only known it as an instrumental piece. Ben Jonson's song, admirable as it has always been considered, is not one that ladies like to sing; and is otherwise objectionable, especially to that large class who do not approve of the introduction of the gods of pagan antiquity into the songs of a modern and a Christian people. It may be remembered by those who perused the introduction to this series of Songs and Melodies, that one of the objects avowed by the Author was to avoid all mention of Jove, Cupid, Venus, Bacchus, and other heathen deities, in compositions that claimed not only to be serious and heartfelt, but to be in accordance with the sentiments and feelings of the present age.]

THE SILVERY BIRCH.

"THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME I'M FALSE TO MY LASS."—This melody is in a scarce collection of songs entitled *Clio and Euterpe, or British Harmony*, published in the year 1758, in *The Convivial Songster*, 1782, and also in Ritson's *Collection of English Songs*. The words to which it was probably at first adapted being of a bacchanalian description, it was, of course, then sung in a brisk and lively manner. Many melodies, however, that were originally intended for somewhat similar purposes, have gained a new and greatly improved character when allied to poetry of a different and superior kind. Of this, the present song affords a prominent example.



THE SWALLOW AND THE ROBIN.

AIR, "THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE."

Cheerfully.

p *f*

Spring-time mu - sic fills the val - leys, Blos - soms deck the ap - ple-tree, Vio - lets peep in fo - rest al - leys;

p

rall. *slower* *tempo primo*

Gen - tle Swal - low, list to me! Dip-ping, curv-ing, float-ing, swerv-ing, Seek my true love through the bowers;

When thou'st found her, gen-tly tell her, Love was born 'mid sum-mer flowers.

cres.

Wild and bleak the north wind blus-ters, Crisp the snow lies on the lea, Pen-dent ice-drops fall in clus-ters;

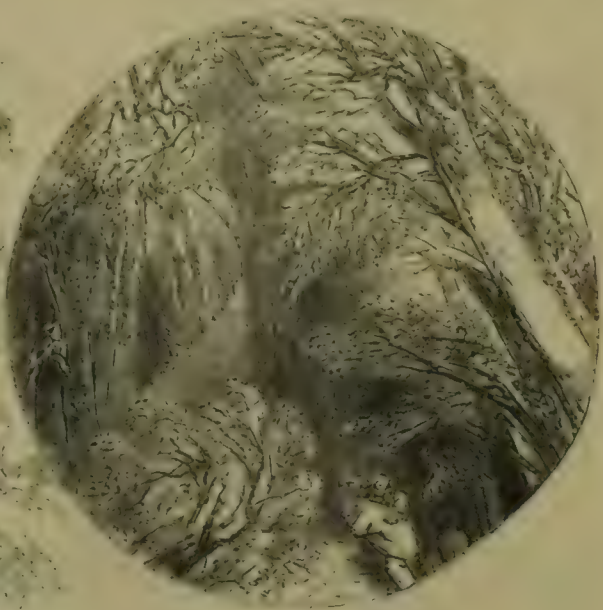
p

Friend-ly Ro-bin, list to me! Doubling, fly-ing, Trust-ing, pry-ing, Near her lat-tice pass thine hours;

rall. *slower* *tempo primo*

Tell her, at her win-dow tap-ping, Love shall last thro' win-ter showers.

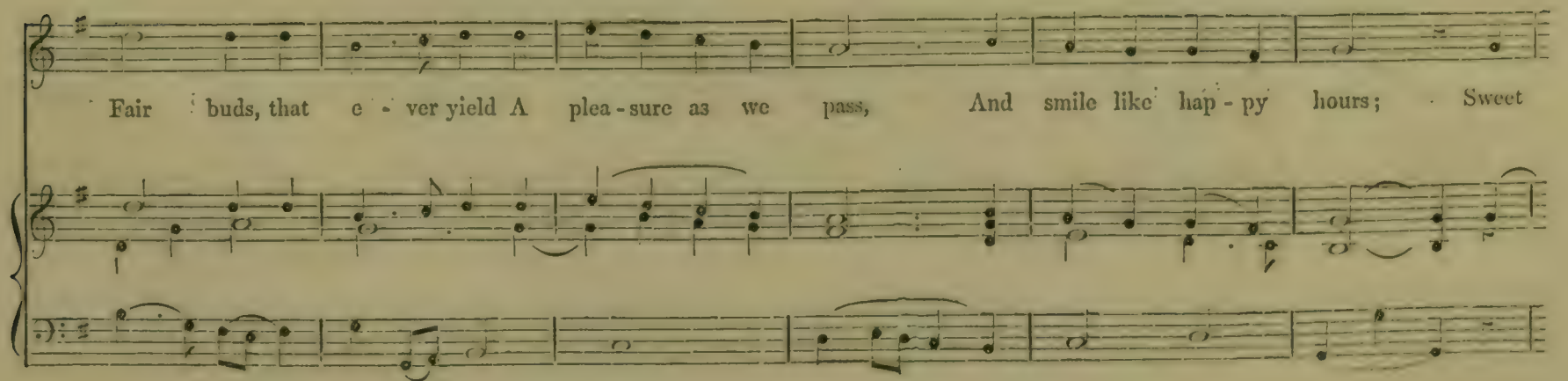
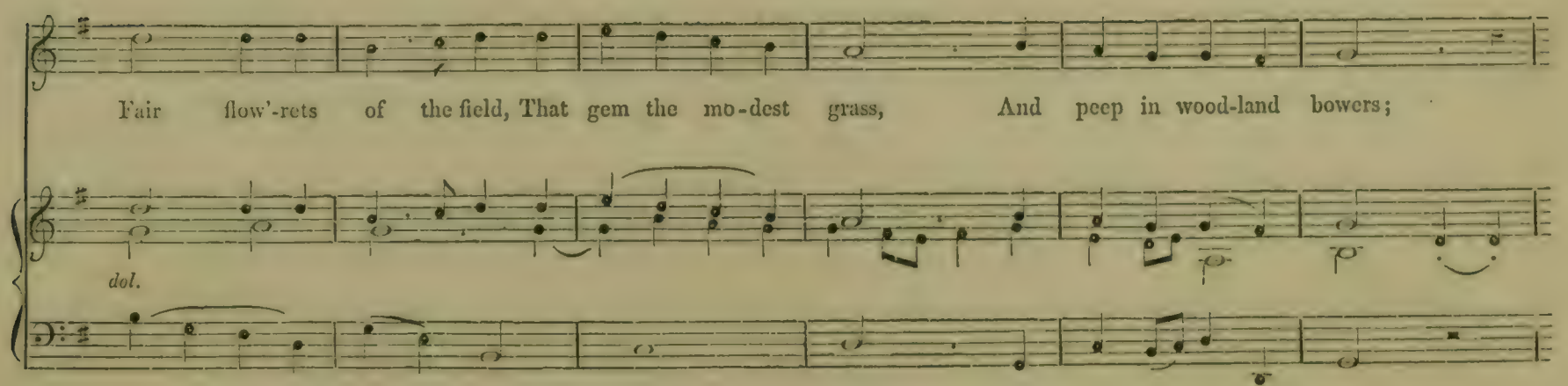
cres. *f*





AIR, "GATHERING PEASCODS."

Moderately slow.



mem'ries ye re - call Of past de - lights we knew, Ere toil and grief be - gun;

cres.

Joy haunts ye, one and all, Ye nurse - lings of the dew, And dar - lings of the

rf p f

sm.

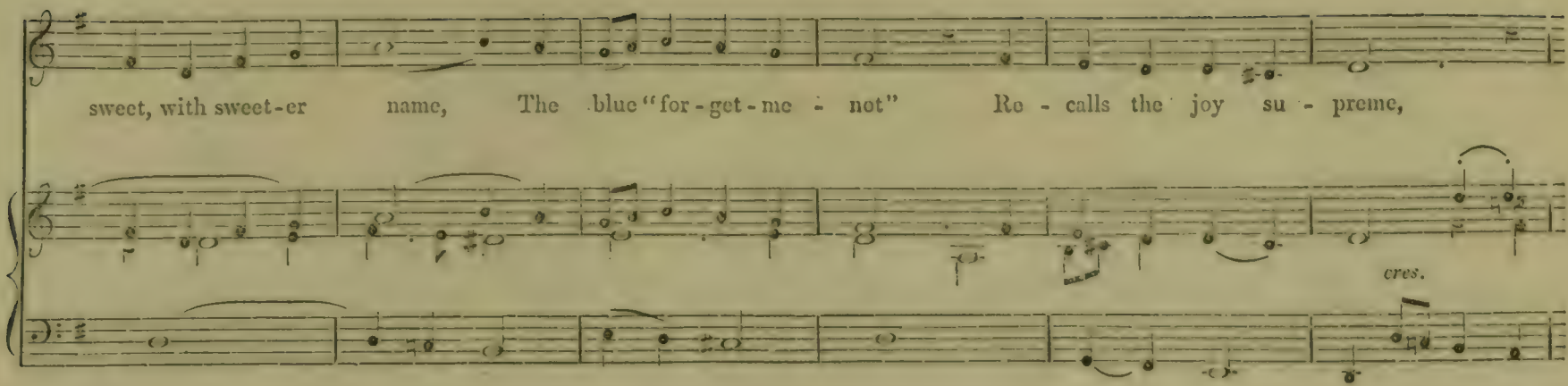
f p cres. f ten.

Rose - lipp'd the dai - sies tell Of in - fan - tine de - light, When we were pure as they;

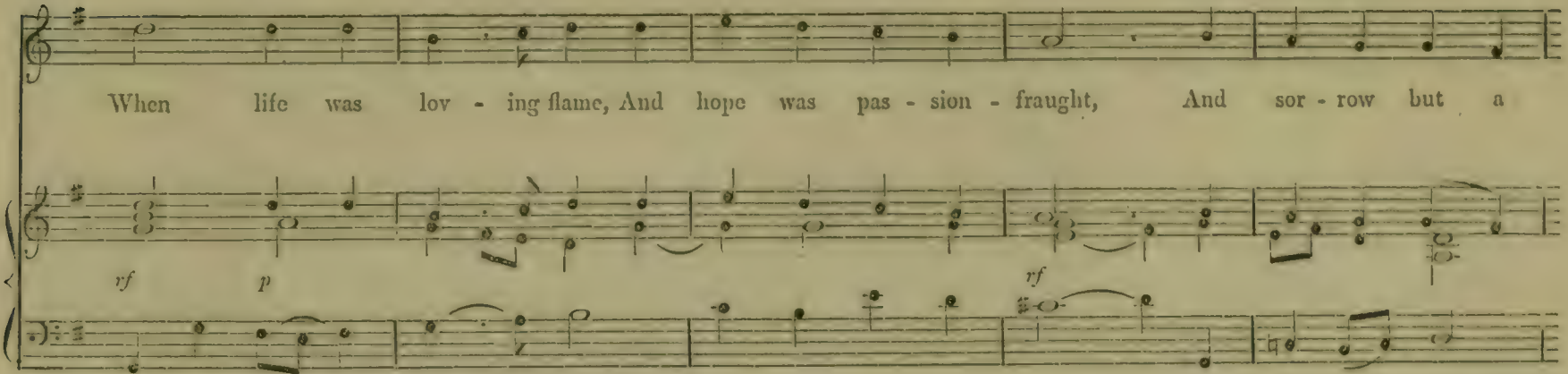
del.

Shy vio - lets in the dell Re - store the vi - sions bright Of youth's un - fold - ing May; And

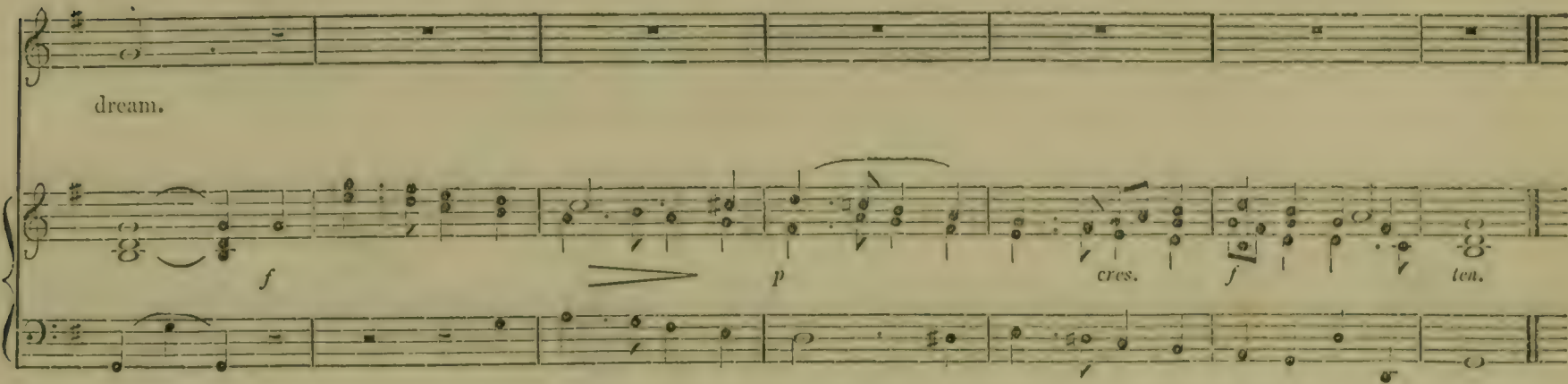
sweet, with sweet-er name, The blue "for-get-me-not" Re-calls the joy su-preme,



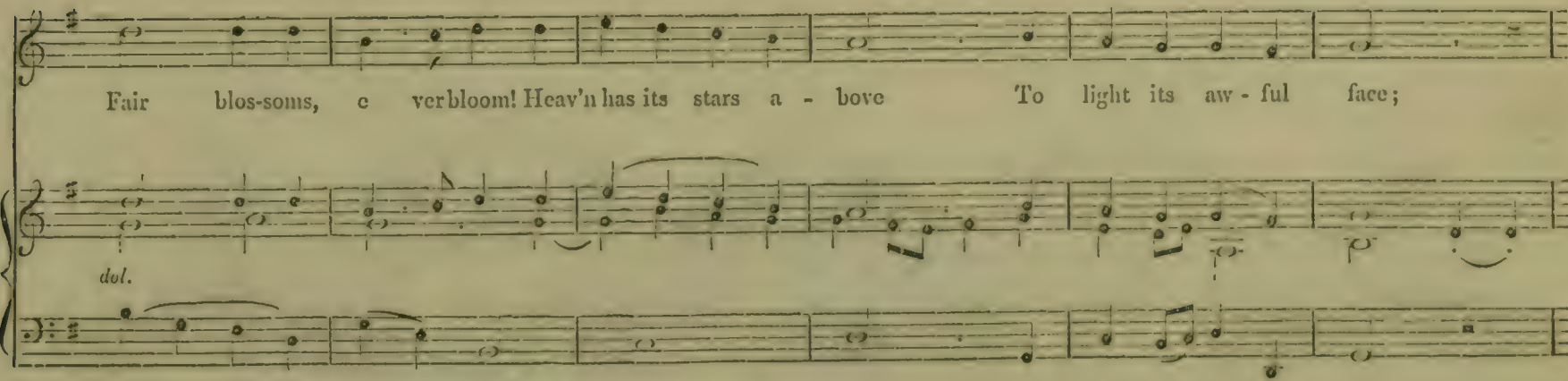
When life was lov-ing flame, And hope was pas-sion-fraught, And sor-row but a



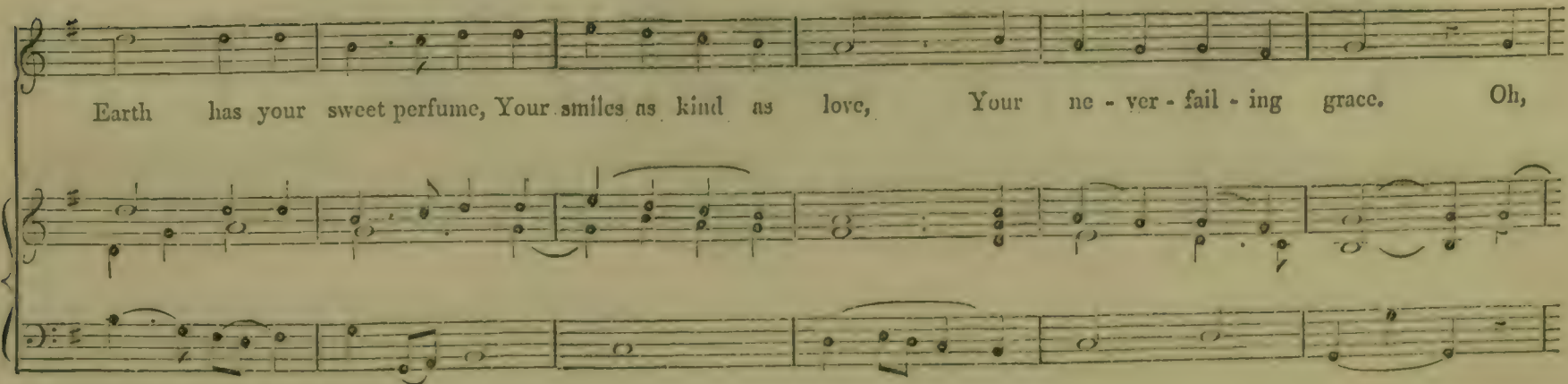
dream.



Fair blos-soms, e-verbloom! Heav'n has its stars a-bove To light its aw-ful face;



Earth has your sweet perfume, Your smiles as kind as love, Your ne-ver-fail-ing grace. Oh,



blessings great, tho' small, That stir each feel-ing true, We love you ev'-ry one:

cres.

Joy dwells a - mid you all, Ye nurse - lings of the dew, Ye dar - lings of the

rf *p* *rf*

dim.

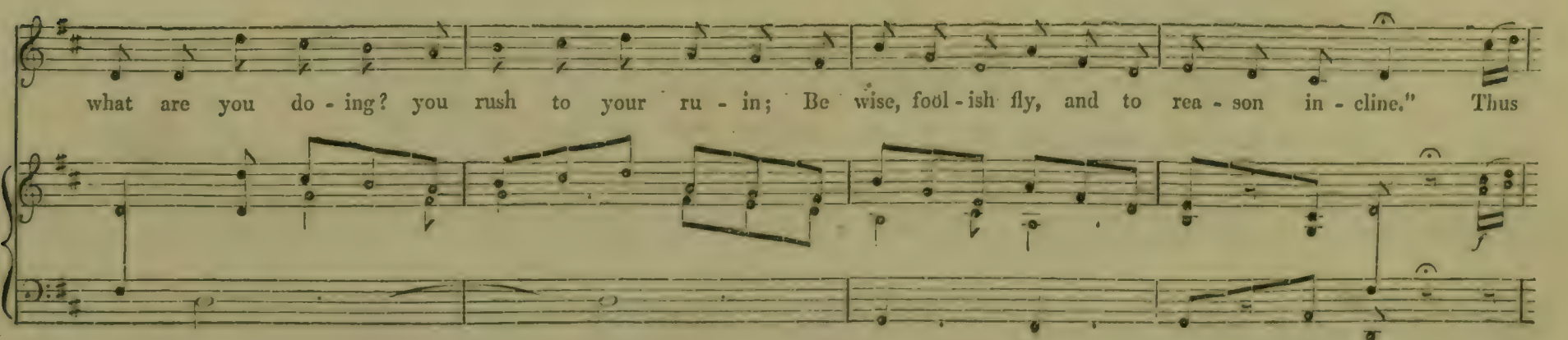
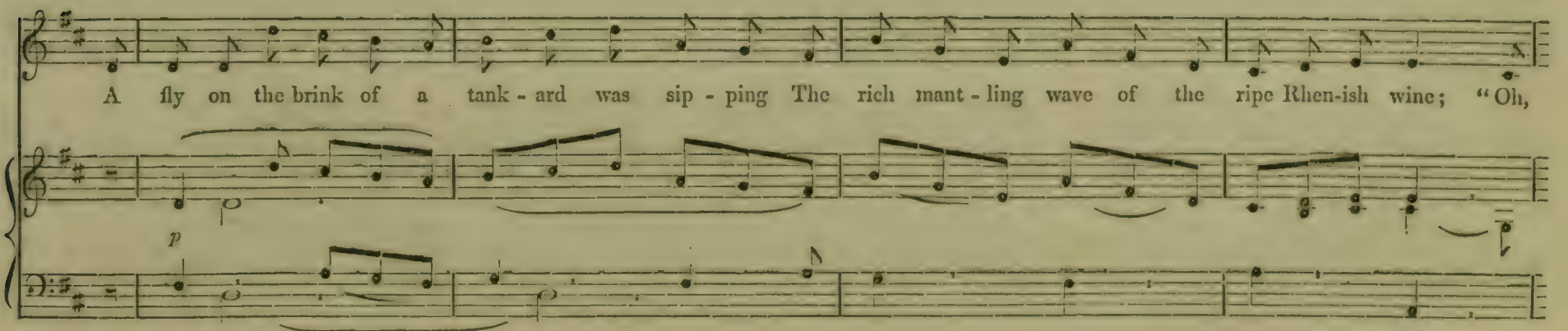
f *rf*





Cheerfully, but not too quick.

AIR, "YOUNG VIRGINS LOVE PLEASURE."



or

ar - gued a - no - ther, ca - reer - ing in glad - ness A - round the bright flame of a ta - per a - far, "All

drinking's a fol - ly, and brings mel - an - cho - ly; Take warn - ing and shun it, lost fly that you are!

"Be - hold how a pas - sion more no - ble should move you—'Tis glo - ry a - lone has a charm in my eyes; What -

e - ver be - tide me, its ra - diance shall guide me; Good bye, sil - ly to - per, and learn to be wise." Thus

or

say - ing, he sport - ed his wings for a mi - nute, Then flew to the light that so tempt - ed his gaze; But

rall.

burning his pinions in glo-ry's do-mi-nions, He fell in the can-dle, and died in the blaze.

a tempo

"A-las!" said the fly that was perch'd on the tank-ard, "Can aught for the want of self-know-ledge a-tone? We

p

rail a-gainst o-thers, see faults in our bro-thers, And blame ev-'ry fol-ly and vice but our own!" But

or

whether this fly was con-vert-ed from to-ping, Or led a new life, is not ea-sy to say; - But if

p

flies are like drinkers 'mong two-leg-ged thinkers, 'Tis like-ly he sips the red wine to this day.

cres.



Moderately slow, and with much feeling.

Air, "DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES."

Could we re - call de - part - ed joys, At price of part - ed pain,

Oh, who that pri - zes hap - py hours Would live his life a - gain? Such burn - ing tears as

once we shed No plea - sures can re - pay;— Pass to ob - liv - ion, joy and grief! We're

cres.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. A crescendo marking 'cres.' appears above the piano staff.

thank - ful for to - day.

rall. *a tempo* *f* *p* *f*

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings of *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *f* again. A tempo change from *rall.* (rallentando) to *a tempo* is indicated above the piano staff.

Calm be the cur - rent of our lives, As ri - vers deep and clear;

p *cres.*

This system contains the next two staves. The piano accompaniment begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo marking 'cres.'.

Mild be the light u - pon our path, To guide us and to cheer! For streams of joy that

p

This system contains the next two staves. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

burst and foam May leave their chan - nels dry, And dead - liest light - nings c - ver flash The

cres.

This system contains the next two staves. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo marking 'cres.'.

bright - est in the sky!

rall. *a tempo* *f*

This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and a tempo change from *rall.* to *a tempo*.

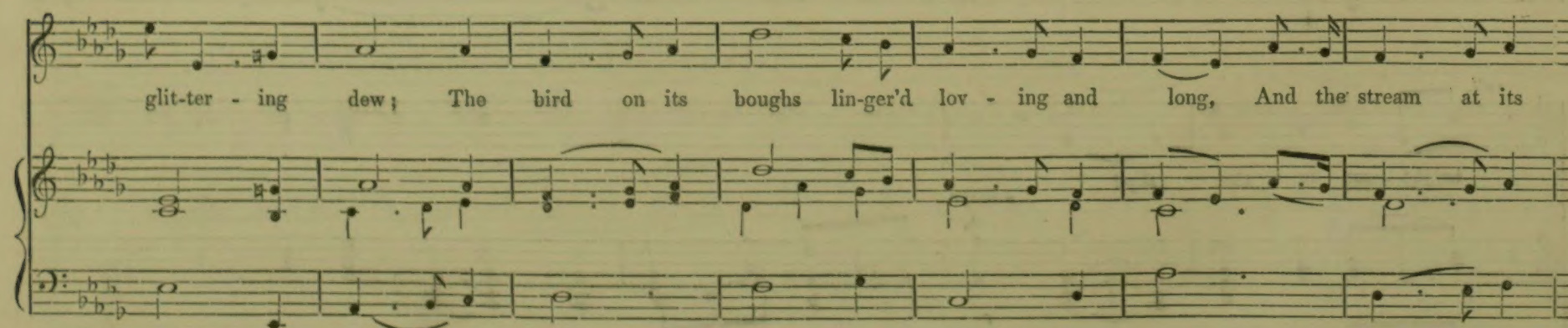
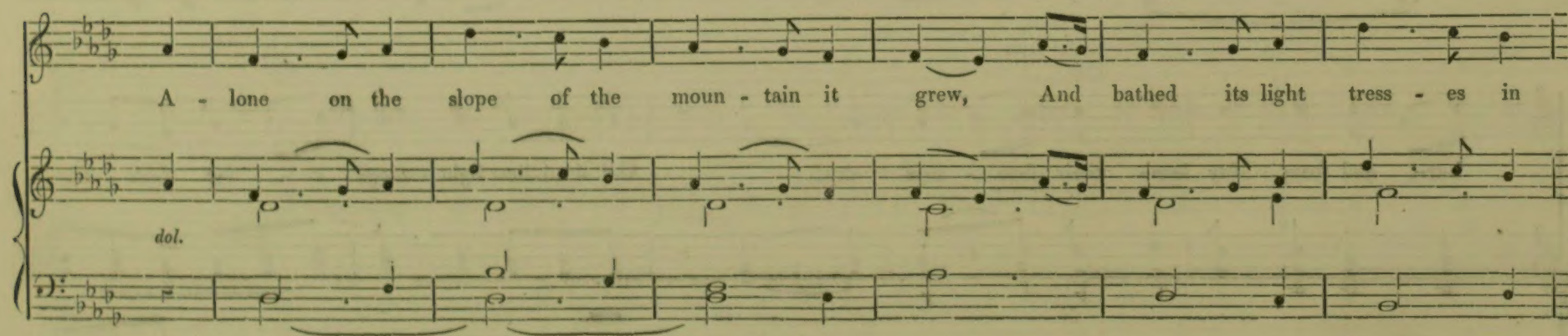
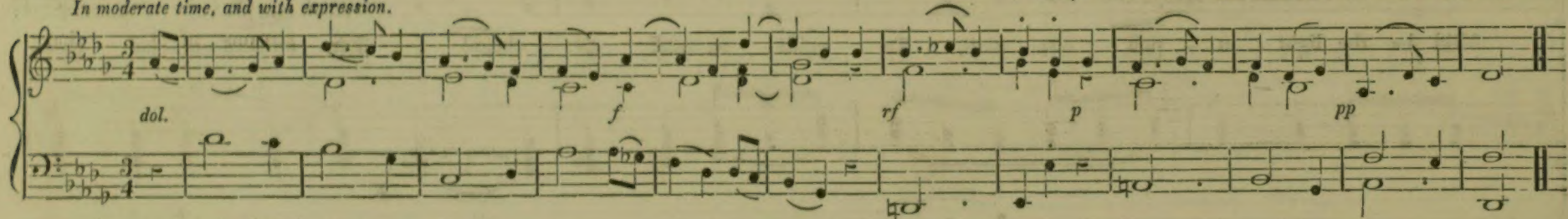


J.L. Williams.

THE SILVERY BIRCH.

In moderate time, and with expression.

Air, "THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME I'M FALSE TO MY LASS."



feet e - ver mur - mur'd in song; It toy'd with the winds, it was hap-py and free: Oh! the

cres. *mf*

Sil - ver-y Birch was a flou-rish - ing tree.

p *cres.* *mf* *f* *p*

The lord of the moun - tain be - held it, and sigh'd That so love - ly a thing in the

dol.

de-sert should hide. "Come down from the wil - der - ness, child of the storm, And I'll shield from its

an - ger thy de - li - cate form; I've a gar - den of plea - sure more fit - ted for thee, And

mf

there thou shalt flou - rish, my beau - ti - ful tree."

p *cres.* *mf* *f* *p*

He loos - en'd its roots, and con - vey'd it a - way To dwell in the bowers with the

mf

ro - ses of May; But it pined for the breez - es that roam'd on the hill, For the fern of the

p

rock, for the voice of the rill; And droop - ing for - lorn 'mid the pride of the lea, It

with expression. *rall.* *slower*

died in its gran - deur, the beau - ti - ful tree!

rf *pp* *mf* *p* *pp*

